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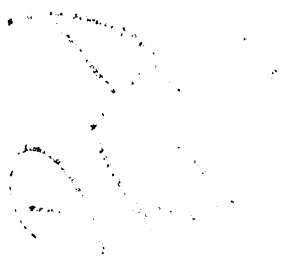
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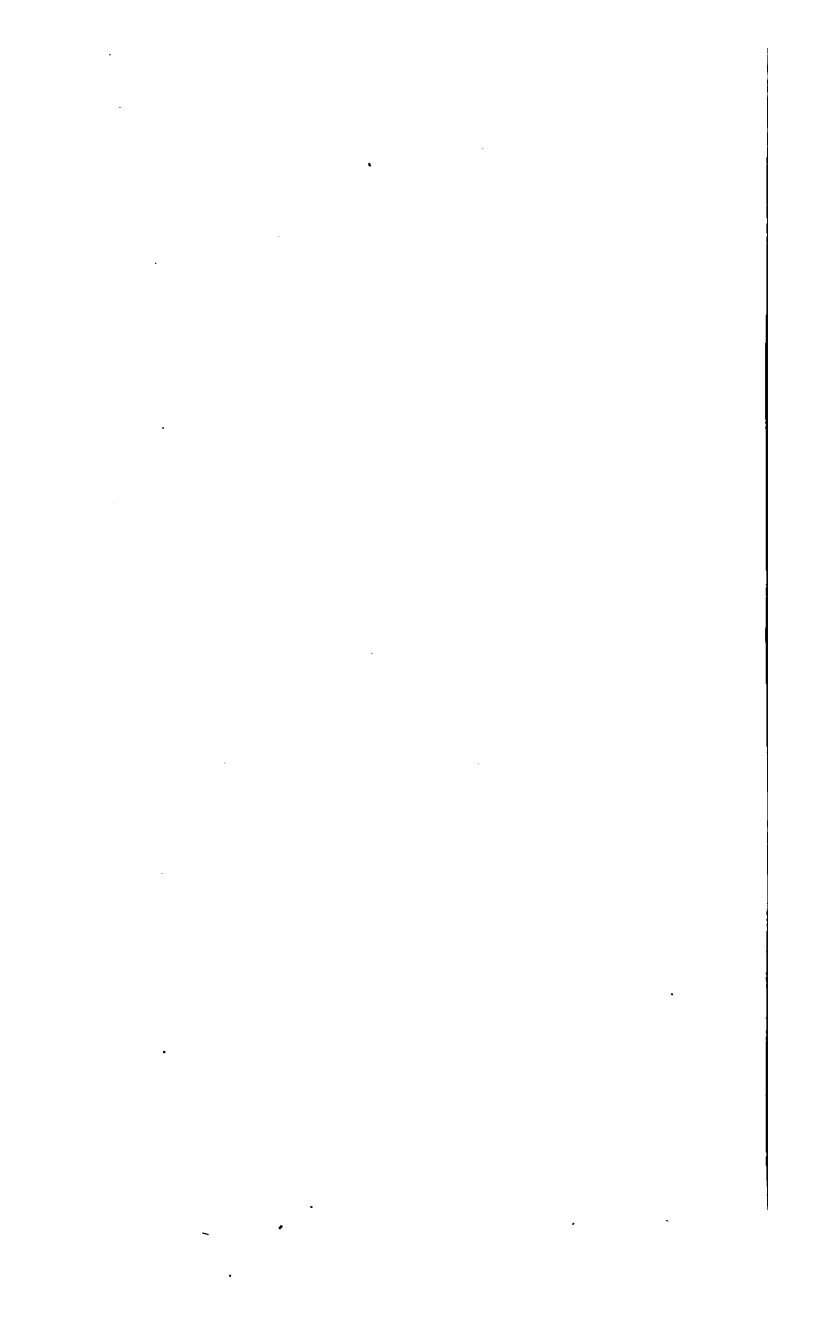
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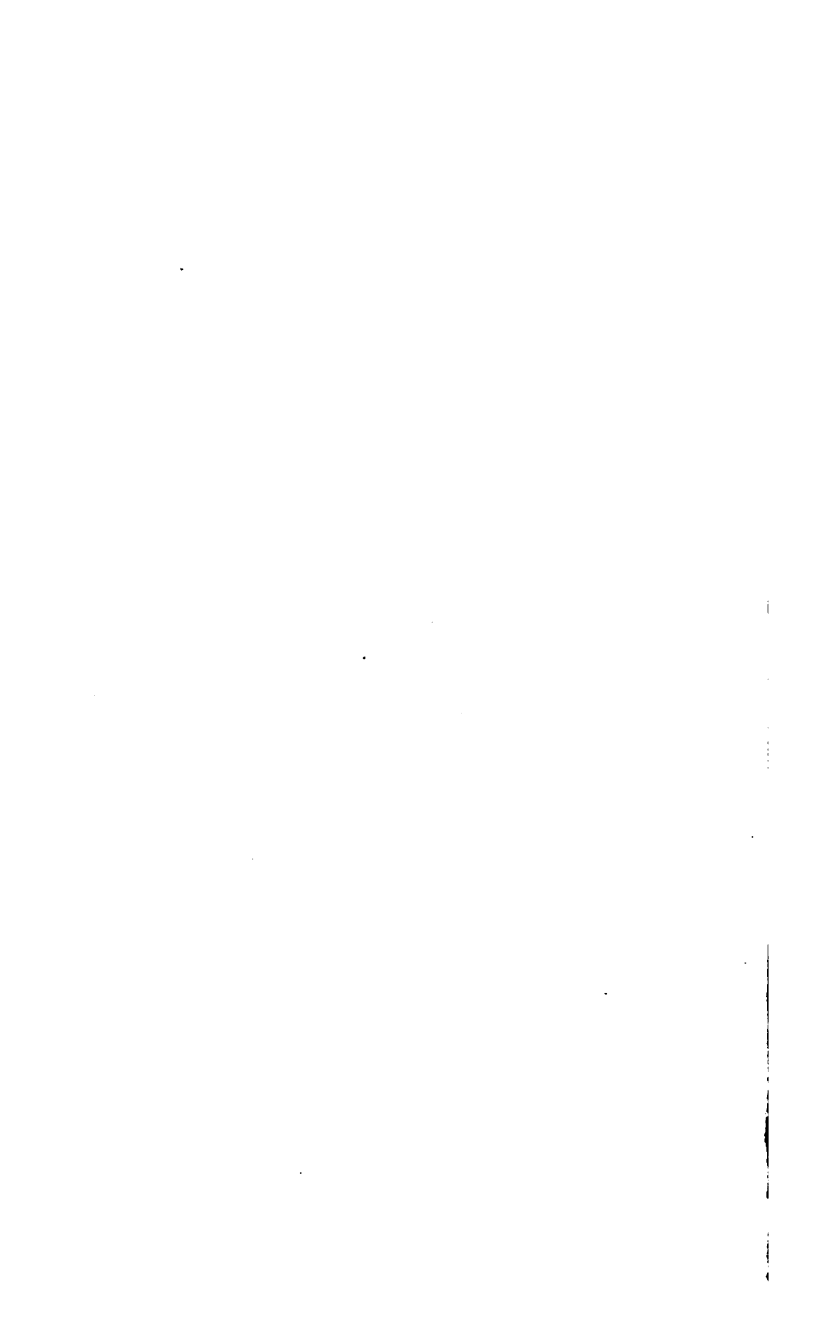








A WOMAN'S PARIS



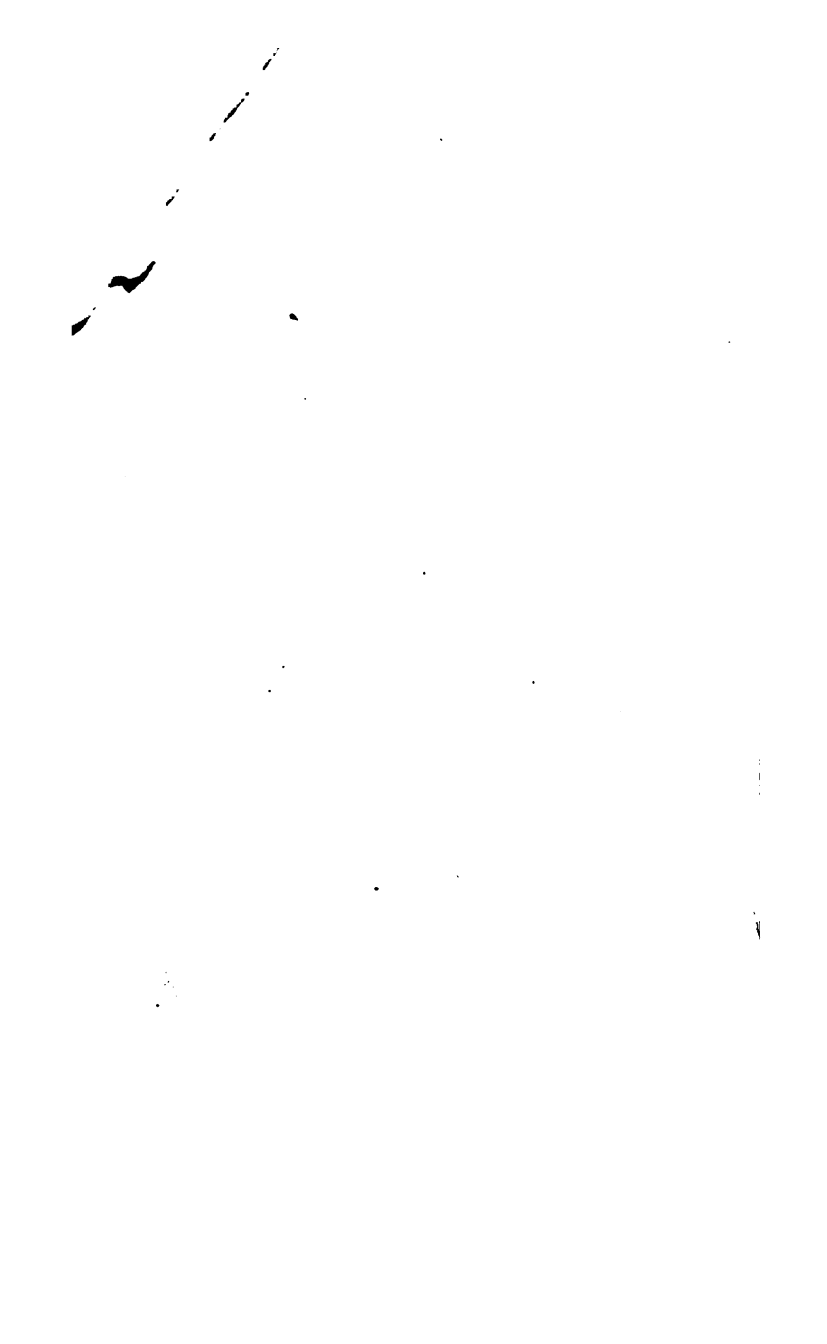
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General View of Paris

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A WOMAN'S
PARADE

A HANDBOOK
OF EVERY-DAY LIVING
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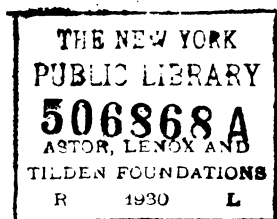
MAOY • WEN

CLIOY

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By *Sniall, Maynard & Company*
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Press of
George H. Ellis, Boston, U.S.A.

Preface

Books about Paris appear to have been prepared for three classes of readers only,—prowlers after the haunts of Molière and Alfred de Musset, men in search of Bohemian resorts, and mad sight-seers who have to be steered through the show-places like lightning. These have dozens of volumes addressed to them. There are, however, many travellers and visitors with other or less marked tastes and inclinations, who find themselves unprovided with information appropriate to their (mild) cases. This book is written for them.

Foremost among the unprovided is the American lady coming to Paris for a longer or a shorter period, for reasons not literary, nor Bohemian, nor demanding wild haste. This lady wishes to do the agreeable things there are to do, and to avoid the disagreeable things there are not to do. She wishes to investigate that wonderful charm that everybody admits, holding thousands who never do any of the tourist things, but take their delight in just living in Paris, and letting sights and pleasures come. Then social and domes-

Preface

tic daily life has to be adjusted and simplified before she can even look about. The same lady wants to be told, perhaps, whether she can keep house in Paris and how and where; and if not, what she can do to live comfortably and without extravagance. She likes to learn some of the short routes by which she may arrive at results of happy and easy living without going through the eye-teeth-cutting processes that another's painful experiences may teach her to avoid. She lacks initiation into many petty artifices, in order that she may evade them shrewdly or even return dodge for dodge. She might be thankful for hints about the theatres,—which ones she may go to alone and which she may not go to at all. She needs to be directed to the right restaurants and to be informed as to the ways of managing servants. She wants to be instructed, above all, in the prices of daily things. And although there is universally supposed to be an instinct among women which guides them aright in shopping matters, it is believed that a few stray nods may not come amiss, even about that.

Preface

The little book, then, is designed for the average American woman not too poor to enjoy herself in a varied and even in a moderately luxurious way in Paris, and yet not of that class — the American millionnaires — which has come near to destroying all chance of enjoyment and modest luxury for the middling of purse.

A manual dealing solely with normal conditions, however, is inappropriate at this epoch. Paris is about to be invaded by foreign hordes; and contrary to the tradition of invading hordes, this one will come to be preyed upon and not to prey. Already the hotel-keepers, first in price and first and last in the pockets of our countrymen, have combined to raise their tariffs 50 per cent. Landlords are asking ridiculous rates for rents. To be forewarned is to come forearmed. And to that end a chapter has been prepared on the Exposition of 1900, as a sort of removable appendix to the little volume; with another treating a subject which may be called with fine irony, "Fair prices."

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A Woman's Paris



NEW YORK
WORLD

1894 *Arrival*

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AMERICAN travellers, bound for Paris, have often been deterred from sailing direct to France by a fear of "foreign-speaking" ships, worse even than their dread of the English Channel. To such, an American line of steamers, landing its passengers at Cherbourg, bearing them, still talking their own tongue, to the coveted coast, has been a godsend.

Still, the name of this class is not Legion, nor even Majority. Almost all Americans coming to Europe for the first time, even if they are intending to make an important stay in Paris, feel impelled to take a look at the "old country" before they settle down in France. And hence this little book takes it for granted that its clients have gone to London, and are entering Paris in the good old way.

Suppose them, then, to have left England in the morning, by one of the common Channel routes,—Dover-Calais, Folkstone-Boulogne, or Newhaven-Dieppe. There is the crossing by Southampton to Havre also, which some people like because they can go

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to bed, and thus escape the sight of others' sufferings, augmenting, if not actually creating their own. But a long railway journey next day offsets even the joy of this deliverance; and the route can hardly be called common, like the others mentioned.

Of those, the first-named, the Dover-Calais, is the shortest as to sea-trip, and the dearest, all other things being equal (except the sea, which is never equal). The fare is about \$14, first class; and, by the by, it is cheerfully recommended to ladies not to employ any lower grade in Channel accommodations.

By Folkstone-Boulogne the price is about \$13,—a dollar cheaper; and on the third line, the Newhaven-Dieppe, there is a grand reduction, the fare being \$8.50. The Calais route is supposed to give only an hour and a half to an hour and three-quarters of sea; but no one may count on that exact brevity to the extent of making an engagement in Paris, with that for a basis.

The Boulogne boasts of administering only two and a quarter hours of misery to its victims; but that is a statement to be taken with

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a good deal of salt, too. The Dieppe transit frankly owns to three and a half to four hours and a half of churning, and those weary divisions of time have been known to draw themselves out into half-days. Many worn voyagers by this route in choppy weather would swear to having been a week on the boat.

On a fine day, on the other hand, the crossing is nothing but a pleasure; and these words sound foolish. The Newhaven-Dieppe route is the most interesting, under favourable conditions, both as regards sea and land; and \$5 is well saved. But who can tell, more than a few hours in advance? Even the weather reports seem to have been left over from last dog-days; and there is likely to be blowing a sickening gale — cold, too — in August. Some of the coldest crossings occur in the hottest months.

At the end of a bad passage, then, across the Channel,—for one may as well imagine the worst, then the best will come as a surprise,—and after a tiresome railway journey on the top of that, arriving American ladies may be pardoned a trifling sensation of some-

A Woman's Paris

thing akin to homesickness as they step from the train. Paris is the abode of the beautiful and the gay, it is true; but those abstract delights are not ranged in festive rows at the respective *gares*. Surly porters and sarcastic officials do not form welcoming groups, exactly, with garlands. Where is that historic Parisian politeness, conspicuous even in the lowest walks of life, of which you have heard so much,—particularly that kind (the one most dwelt upon) that makes every French person listen with perfect gravity to your worst mistakes in his language? You do not find it at the railway stations. The porters sneer at your attempts to make them understand. The customs officers look bored to death over them.

Do not, however, mind that. Be polite and patient yourself through all. You cannot score in any other way. Remember how much worse it is in New York, where they do understand what you say, it is true, but do not pay the least attention to it, where they break your luggage to bits, and charge sums to which the tariff here is as nothing. You

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and all your luggage, when you get it, can be taken directly to your destination for \$1, on the carriage with you, and at once.

If the ladies consider that they know French pretty well from unremitting conversations with (American) friends at home for months before they came, or from steady perusal of French novels, or even if they were enormously admired in American circles for their proficiency, let them — unless they have had actual experience of this very kind — put their pride for the moment aside, and shout for one of those English-speaking men at the station, from Cook's or Gaze's, to call a porter and a cab and see to the luggage. It is mortifying, maybe; but it pays, even if they have to pay the man 2 francs, as they will. No foreigner arriving for the first time in a country can expect to surmount all the difficulties of noise, scramble, and railway colloquial. The polished phrases learned for certain emergencies are not by, if the peculiar emergencies arise; but usually these don't, and others do, for which no phrases have been garnered.

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In case, however, of there being no man from the agencies, call loudly and unabashed for a *facteur*, and not for a *portier*, as many do. Follow him to the customs platform, where he will go like the needle to the pole, never fear, and where the luggage will be found, alphabetically arranged. Have ready the receipt for excess luggage, issued in London, and make a display of keys. There is small fear of opening the trunks, but there is ever a chance of it. Tobacco and whiskey — of which the ladies are not likely to have large quantities — are seizable, also tea, and, when the fit takes the officers, books. But it is rarely that any one is annoyed.

Name the hotel, and say "omnibus," if there is too much luggage for a cab. But there probably isn't; for no railway carriage is too good to be loaded down with heavy boxes, nor is any horse thought too weak to be overweighted. One trunk may rest on his back. Ask for a *voiture* rather than a *fiacre*, — not that the two words do not mean the same thing, but because the former is in commoner use. The man will then take the

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party tooling along the most crowded part of the Champs-Élysées, if the road leads near it, with the names on the luggage flauntingly displayed and the ladies in their worst clothes. It is the usual entry into fashionable Paris.

Five francs — \$1 * — is the proper sum to pay the driver. It is far wiser to give it to the *concierge* to administer in case of dispute; and it is better to give the silver in hand, if possible, rather than to have a charge made on the bill. That fatal weakness, by the by, should be guarded against. When once begun, the habit grows. Cabs have a way of cropping up unexpectedly all over the account, and postage doubles and trebles. *Concierges* hate cash transactions; but the very reason for their dislike is what makes the little settlements imperative.

The *concierge* is to be conciliated, for he holds the comfort of everybody in the hollow of his hand. It is wise to give him something

* A franc is nearer 19 cents than 20; but for purposes of simplification and for small sums it is roughly computed in these pages as the latter sum. In daily expense, however, a cent on every franc makes an appreciable difference in economies; and, therefore, it should be reckoned at 19 cents, when these are discussed.

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else to hold with it, and pretty soon. Strew the path with small fees, when the right persons are found to fee, and if the fees expect to stay in the hotel. The thing may be overdone; but servants are underpaid in all the hotels, and are expected to get most of their living out of the clients. In many restaurants waiters pay for the privilege of serving, it being worth a large salary in fees.

Few persons, even if they have their plans made to keep house, can avoid spending a few weeks, or at least a week, in a hotel; and so the ordinary tourist procedure is taken for granted in this plan.

There is no better way of initiating one's self a little bit into the general ways of Paris than of being in a hotel, and, as Herbert Pocket said, "looking about you." Now the agencies, like Cook's and Gaze's, furnish reliable lists of hotels, at which one may stay at special rates made for the companies, even if one has nothing else under the sun to do with Cook's or Gaze's except to buy tickets at a reduction. A gentleman travelling with a family of seven was able to find excellent

Arrival

quarters for them all at an average of 8 francs (\$1.60) a day, with board, in a thoroughly good hôtel. As "first-class" in relation to hotels in Paris has to do principally with prices, this comfortable domain was not called by that honourable title. But it was all the better for it. There is too much to live up to at Ritz and the Palace Hôtel des Champs-Élysées and the Vendôme.

The moment of arriving is not, however, the chosen one for picking out a hotel; and it is supposed that our travellers have made their selection on the way. They have wisely turned aside from the grandest, where the lowest price is the highest (in the others), and where everything starts at 50 francs, and mounts with leaps from that platform. Let innocent travellers not be deceived, either, by the quiet and attractive prices of bare rooms in the big hotels. They are nuclei around which cluster thickly extras of every variety known to the hotel gatherer of coin. Things one had supposed, in the simplicity of hotel life in the primitive Waldorf-Astoria, for example, to be included of necessity in the scheme

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of existence, are "extras," — lights, fires, baths, "service," whatever that may mean; and, in short, it is a great deal easier to find out what is not extra than what is in many of these first-class Parisian palaces.

As this book is written neither for royalty nor for millionnaires, it is not necessary to give advice as to avoiding the expensive places. It is understood that the travellers have selected one of the 10 or 12 franc houses, with *table d'hôte* included, of which there are many in Paris, or that they have bought coupons from the agencies, which entitle them to rooms at a fixed rate in the hotel lists; that they have, after a good dinner and no baggage missing, found comfortable beds, having been waited upon by pleasant maids, bringing hot water and anything else required; that they were left with a polite "*Bon soir*," and that the morning has discovered them refreshed; that a ring has brought them their morning tray of coffee or tea or chocolate and rolls; and that the strangers have thus regularly arrived in Paris.

Choice of Living

FORTUNATELY, it is not necessary, nor even wise, to choose one's mode of living in Paris immediately on arriving. But the part of discretion which is economy is to begin at once to investigate. Hotel life is not French, and leads to nothing solid in the way of experience in French customs. The sagest verdict will be for housekeeping; taking an apartment, that is, and enjoying the pleasures of independence and the delights of hospitality, at the same time getting full equivalent for one's expenditure. (An apartment is always understood when keeping house is in question, because none but the very richest have whole houses in Paris.)

A few words may be said first, however, in favour of family hotels and *pensions*, or boarding-houses for American women, absolutely uninformed in French customs and in the French language, and for short stays. The best place of all to learn the colloquial and manners is the genuine French household, one within whose rather lonesome walls no English is uttered, and where no English or American

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ways are even divined. By constant observation and some hard discipline, more serviceable knowledge may be gained in three months of *pensions* than in three years of hotels. For in these last everybody French makes a dash at English, and softens the roughnesses of a new residence; and that is what no ambitious learner wants.

French family life is a little sad at first to a foreigner, and not a little different. Bathing facilities are not considered important, and indeed do not exist, as we count them. But hot water is plenty, and one can learn how to bathe without a tub. The food is good, and there is enough of it; for French families are apt to consist of hearty epicures. The servants are apt to be untidy; but they are polite and gentle, and continued tipping will instil certain attention to foreign demands into them. The end will justify the means if the aim is true.

Seven to 8 francs a day — that is to say, \$1.50 — will pay for the board and lodging. In summer that is about all there is. Wine of a good enough quality is included; and

Choice of Living

fires and lights, which make such an addition to the tariff in winter, are of course hardly needed. In winter the cost of a lamp is barely 5 cents a day,—there is not apt to be electricity or even gas,—and of a fire, perhaps a franc: it depends, naturally, on how much one is in one's room. \$1.75 ought to cover the whole expense of a winter's day. And everything is reckoned, as a general thing, on a day basis, which is extremely convenient, if one wishes to leave suddenly.

In the *pension*, curiosity is at fever height. A young man cannot visit an unmarried young lady without occasioning nudges and gigglings, and perhaps even lingual asperities from the family. Toilettes will be freely discussed, and parcels are likely to be torn at the corners. But the practice in French colloquial, the comments and the excuses given, is important; and what strangers think or say cannot possibly affect an American. Hours are expected to be late, and no black looks greet the incomer after the theatre and supper afterward. Only, if the boarders stay at home, they are expected to be quiet after ten

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o'clock. The family light may be put out in their faces if they are sitting chatting with callers in the drawing-room or even lifting their voices in song at the piano, when the clock has struck that hour. But breakfast will be brought up at any time desired in the morning, in the bedroom; and, if the clients do not get up till noon, no complaint will be made.

For persons, therefore, who do not expect many visitors, and who are out a good deal, boarding in a French family is strongly recommended for a time, for the conversation at luncheon and at dinner, the interchange of ideas on many daily subjects, and the strictly French family point of view. It is excellent practice to control one's American temper (in French) when one's institutions are attacked as immoral, and when one's countrywomen are called sweepingly "fast," as they invariably are, in unenlightened *bourgeois* circles of France.

Private hotels — which are a sort of glorified *pension*, with a name over the door — leave the *locataire* more independent; but

Choice of Living

they are more expensive, quite as dull, and have few compensations for the loss of the intimacy. They cost 10 francs a day, with or without wine, sometimes as high as 12 francs, and there is less surveillance; but the lights go out just the same, and there will be fewer opportunities of hearing and speaking French.

For those who are prejudiced irrevocably in favour of hotel life, where they can be independent of interference, as also of French practice, it may be said that ordinarily, when there is not a great Exposition impending, there are some very cheap, which are at the same time very good hotels in Paris. They are called frankly "second class," which means simply second price; and it is by their tariffs that they are known. As for location, that is a matter dependent largely on the amount of shopping and of sight-seeing there is (hastily) to be done. As far as prestige goes, a lady may live anywhere in Paris, just as a man may in other cities. Fashion has nothing to say in the matter. It is purely a question of taste and convenience. It seems a

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waste of time, therefore, for ladies to go out to the neighbourhood of the Arc de Triomphe to live, who spend half the day shopping in the Bon Marché or doing the pictures at the Palace of the Louvre.

If a "busy haunt" is required, there are the old hotels in the Rue Daunou, des Capucines. St. Honoré, and the streets close by near the Boulevard, yet not in as dear a locality as the Castiglione or the Rue de la Paix, or the Place Vendôme or the Rue de Rivoli. Many of these old places are run down as regards prestige, yet are as well kept as ever; and they are much cheaper than the grand ones. Some of them are not at all run down. Then there are hotels that keep a fashionable foreign clientage from year to year, and are not cheap, certainly, yet are insignificant in price in contrast to the big hotels. But none of these are really advised for our ladies, who would find them all far from appropriate to a moderate income. Take it all in all, there is no dearer place in all the world to anybody than "Paris, sweet Paris," at its centre. To be within walking distance of the theatres and the shops



An Apartment House on the Champs-Élysées



A Family Hotel

Choice of Living

and the restaurants does not mean that one cannot slip into Worth's or the Café Anglais easily without a carriage, but even that facility is not an economy. And one does not walk to restaurants in the evening, nor to theatres, unless they are in the same block. So that part is all nonsense. The hotels really recommended are in the Trocadéro quarter, in the tram and omnibus belts, very accessible, more airy than the down-town hotels, and reasonable in price. There are a lot of these hotels, and everybody knows two or three favourite ones. Their prices range from 10 to 12 francs a day, *en pension*, which means with two liberal meals and an early breakfast of coffee and rolls, clean rooms, quick service, and the daily papers, and writing-desks well supplied.

Innumerable *pensions*, kept by English and American ladies, stud the quieter parts of Paris, especially those near the Arc. Some of them are as well known as the hotels. Some of them are not as well known, and some of them are hard to find. The prices may be as great as those of the small hotels.

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And, again, there are 7-franc-a-day and, Baedeker says, 6-franc-a-day private *pensions*. These last may exist, but it has not been the fortune of many to find them. There is apt to be music in the evenings, in the more fashionable places.

Everything points in the end, and after, perhaps, a preliminary apprenticeship in the boarding-houses, to the superiority of house-keeping over any other mode of life in Paris. So the unattended, who are hardly freer to go and come from a hotel or *pension* than from their private quarters, would do well to turn their attention apartmentward as soon as feasible; as soon as they are sufficiently adept in the language to get on, that is, and are up to some of the tricks.

Apartments can be had at nearly every price that exists in renting mathematics. There are none at a million francs a year, for example, and there are none, certainly, at one hundred; but between those extremes it is believed an abode might be found. The finest flats in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne fetch prices that may as well be a million,

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they are so prohibitive; and there are cosey little places to be had for \$15 a month in good locations. The choice is simply unlimited; and yet hiring an apartment is the most delicate of undertakings. Everybody is so anxious to let a flat, you see! And there being unscrupulous landlords in Paris, as well as in other cities that might be named, it is necessary to be up very early in the morning to circumvent the games of some of them.

All the way from the Place de la Concorde to the gate of the Bois, and from the Faubourg St. Honoré to the river, and, if that conveys no idea, everywhere, in every direction, are apartments yawning for tenants. Big, little, and middle-sized apartments abound; apartments for the rich, for the poor, and for the average, neither rich nor poor; apartments up one flight and apartments up five; apartments with one bedroom and those with five; apartments that are furnished and apartments that are more or less than bare; apartments with electricity, for which the tenant pays, and apartments lightless altogether; apartments

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with lifts, which the tenant works, and apartments without those ameliorating appurtenances; apartments with everything and apartments with nothing. Everybody in Paris, except the Rothschilds and some few scores of rich French people, lives in apartments; and the supply is inexhaustible.

They run dirtier and cleaner, lighter and darker, of course, and present as much variety as the persons who come to look at them. \$12,000 a year is about the maximum in normal times; and, as has been said, \$15, or 75 francs, a month has been known to be the rent for a decent flat, in an excellent location, furnished (!) scantily, it is true, and having five good rooms. This descent from a fortune to a pittance is not unknown to occur in the very same street. It proves how little location has to do with fashion. Living over shops is an ordinary proceeding for the most ambitious, and several of the best apartments in the Champs-Élysées are situated over bar-rooms. The names of the bars, too, are flaunted in large gilt letters, and visible for blocks. This also shows the

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indifference of Parisians to the exteriors of their dwellings. Although the houses are of uniform solidity in the best residence districts, no individuality is attempted. That is the correct idea for city architecture. Make your *château* in the country as much like yourself as you like, but let your city abode conform to the main scheme. This system accounts for the magnificence of Paris as a grand whole.

In looking for an apartment to be lived in in winter, the sun is the most important item, and the most difficult one to secure. It lies along the fronts of the houses on the Champs-Élysées on the north side; but it lurks only in most of the cross and side streets, and many of the prettiest apartments in Paris are in an inner court, from which the sun is almost wholly excluded. These courts, among the most prominent and inevitable features of Paris building, are prettily planted with shrubs and flowers; and in summer the apartment is all the cooler and more delightful for that. But one should be careful, if taking an apartment during the hot months, to find out

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whether there is sun in the winter. The cost of heating is doubled; and the apartment is never thoroughly dry, and it is never cheerful till summer comes again.

For 1,800 francs a year—that is, \$360—an excellent flat for our two ladies may be hired, and in the best quarter, not including the very main avenues themselves. The flat will consist of drawing-room, dining-room, two bedrooms, each with a dressing-room, bath, kitchen, cupboard for clothes in the hall. This reads like a great bargain. But there are a few extras. Heating (and, of course, lighting) are exclusive; also, *douceurs*, wrongly named, for they do not sweeten the temper of the bestower. A present to the *concierge* at New Year's,—not the spontaneous offering of a heart full of gratitude for efficient service, by any means, but an obligatory tribute, perhaps, to a bad servitor. Taxes may bring the yearly sum up to \$390, but that is the outside. In the same house may be found larger apartments—that is to say, with a larger number of bedrooms—for \$400, \$500, and up to \$900. They are in a court, but in one

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A Dining-room in an Apartment House



A Sitting-room in an Apartment House

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of the best streets in the Trocadéro quarter, and on the line of convenient omnibuses.

Agents, varying in honesty, will make arrangements for a tenant; but the safest way for the unsophisticated is to have a lawyer at hand, and to consult him before signing any document, however innocuous it appears.

The lease gives the tenant few rights, at best; and one must secure these few. Nothing will be done by way of renovating the place, if the tenant stays forever. Leases are made

out usually for three, six, and nine years, renewable at the option of the tenant. But the

other day only a case came up in which a tenant had signified his intention of renewing his lease for the third term of three years. He

was charged an altogether new rent, because a lift had been installed without consulting him. The case was referred to a lawyer, and

the tenant had to pay. Without warning, it seemed unfair; and yet the tenant must have

divined that no landlord would reverse all precedents by presenting lessees with anything

for nothing! But, no matter what the features of the cases, it is always the landlord who

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scores. And, if there is not a careful and efficient legal adviser at hand, he usually scores before the tenant has moved in. And that does not prevent his moving in, which has thus by his scoring become obligatory.

Those coming to Paris for a few months, like the party of two already supposed, do not care to engage in lease terms of a year. Ordinarily, a four or six months' rental can be had, at a slight increase on the rates above mentioned; and, if it is for the summer, an apartment in a court may be got for less. \$25 a month ought to be enough. Having reduced the landlord to his lowest terms,—financially and mentally,—there are wonderful places where, for 5 francs a day, carting included both ways, a thorough equipment of brand-new furniture may be hired. Cases are common of ladies ordering and selecting their whole household outfit, from drawing-room sofa to kitchen saucepan, on Tuesday, seeing it put in place on Wednesday, and dining in peace and regularity on Thursday. Solomon Grundy's career was hardly more expeditious; and this has no tragic elements,

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like his. Then there are purveyors of sofas and saucepans who for 100 francs a month will supply everything. But these persons have to be watched; for sometimes they accept the first month's rent, and then call it an instalment on the purchase of the goods, giving a good deal of trouble, and often making their point.

Furnished suites of rooms may be had, too, as in London, at moderate rates; and men often prefer to live in that way. There are arguments in favour of it for ladies, if they are young and hale, and especially if they are invited out frequently, or are among the shops and galleries all day. Even in these cases, however, most women like better to eat dinner on their own premises after a hard day's touring. Meals cooked at home by their own servant, or a *table-d'hôte* arrangement downstairs, if there is a restaurant, or at one near by, pays better than the roving scheme. One repast cooked to order or one luncheon or dinner had singly usually costs as much as a whole day's provisions bought at the market. Some persons living in the

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"lodging" manner compromise on omitting luncheon at home and getting that meal in a café, which is not a half-bad idea. But house-keeping is best, if one is hiring rooms.

Next comes, in order of cheapness, the regular three-meal-a-day *table d'hôte*; and after that, and a long way behind, drags the detached meal anywhere. It is open to discussion whether the last is not the pleasantest for a little while, but it soon grows to be a fatigue and a bore.

And now the choice of living having landed on one of the proposed ways,—if it is decided to live *en pension*, hotel, or lodging with *table d'hôte*,—nothing remains to do but to begin to live. Housekeeping requires a few more preliminaries.

Servants

AMERICAN women, with memories of battles royal at home in which they came off worst still fresh, may have read the last words, and have made up their minds immediately, notwithstanding, that they have not shuffled off the menial coil for nothing, and that it would be preposterous to slip their necks under the domestic yoke so soon again.

But French servants are altogether different from those of America. There one is perpetually at war with the class, without even daring to call it a class. In France servants are jovial chums, performing menial offices for hire, it is true, but performing them gayly and (apparently) because they like the family. One's cook does not dismiss one in Paris, but, rather, refuses to be dismissed. And no one treats a domestic rudely in France nor is treated rudely by one. In the streets, in shops, servants are saluted politely as M'am-selle or M'sieu by strangers who may know their status. They are self-respecting, and are upheld in their dignity by public opinion. And one reason why our attendants are so

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tenacious of their own is that they find it necessary to be so because nobody else is.

French servants are certainly loquacious, and they have not that impersonal reserve that stamps the perfect English automaton; but they are not impertinent, and they are willing and eager to work.

The French *bonne à tout faire* is the most ardent worker in the world. Unlike our general housework lady, who is at it all day long, and longer, but only at the coarser kinds of labour, who cannot wait at table with grace and who is usually unpresentable, the *bonne à tout faire* does all the hard work of the household, finds time to sew, trim hats, to do all the errands, marketing included, and is besides always coquettish and sparkling in appearance at any hour of the day.

Simplicity marks the domestic system. There are no afternoons out and no days off. Valentine or Marie may be out every minute when you are, and probably is, but she is on hand when you want her. Her perquisites are secretly levied on the marketing, which is so cheap that it seems impossible there can be

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a commission. No beer is required for the kitchen table. Ready for any sort of demand upon her time and strength, the good *femme de ménage* — of course there are bad ones, too — is a wonder of quickness and capability.

Sometimes she talks very loud ; and it does not do to shut her up abruptly, or there might be something louder, by way of conversation. She gives unsolicited advice, comments on the family's affairs,— but not outside,— the family's visitors and their toilettes ; but she means nothing. Being specially fond of dogs, the French servant looks upon exercising them as a treat. The dogs are never forgotten.

It is a question for parents to decide whether or not they will intrust children with a *bonne*, experienced or recommended or what not. Observation has seemed to teach that for the things one would rather they should not see and for the conversation they should not hear, and for various other detrimental and deteriorating circumstances, the French nursery-maid is the most completely injurious in the world. But we are not supposing children in our quiet little party, and need not therefore dwell at length on this point.

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As in all countries, the butler — *maitre d'hôtel*, as he is called in France — usually makes as much trouble in the kitchen as he renders assistance above stairs. He flirts with the maids,— a difficulty obviated with us by getting a married butler or none at all; but the first precaution does not work in Paris. His wages are far more modest, and he does many more things. But our case is not intimately concerned with him, any more than with the nurse. We are considering the quiet and modest living of two ladies and a *bonne à tout faire*.

With one of these *bonnes* the uncomplicated life of two ladies ought to run efficiently. If another is thought to be necessary for any reason, the second maid is expected to be lady's maid, and is valuable to take out as interpreter and shopper. A cook who is a *cordons bleu* may, in that case, be got who will market and cater for a modest sum per day. With this staff a simple party of two can entertain nobly and never have a care.

Washing is not included in any home arrangement. It is never done in any house,

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and must be negotiated for separately. Laundry prices are high in Paris, too, and in hotels and *pensions* ruinous; that is to say, if you have adopted the French point of view. French people of course do not pay them, but Americans seldom escape.

Laundry lists are flattering and untruthful. Each item has its saving adjective: that adjective is *simple*. *Simple*, in qualifying an article of underwear on a washing list, means actually devoid of adornment. And nobody out of a convent owns such an article. So every row of feather-stitching, every tuck, adds a few sous. The term *garniture* is applied to the tiniest edge, and *sans garniture* there exists nothing in the feminine toilet. Anywhere from 3 francs to 6 is charged for the plainest white petticoat. But, when keeping house, arrangements by the week may be made which are more advantageous.

To hark back, two ladies, with moderate ambitions and a small acquaintance, can do no better, all things considered, than to engage a competent *bonne à tout faire*. Twelve francs, or about \$2.50 a week, is the ordinary

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rate of wages. She will go home at night, if required, and enter smiling early in the morning, with the cream and breakfast rolls, and possibly a flower for the tray. After the little breakfast is finished and the dishes are done up, the *bonne* goes to market. Coming back, beds are made, rooms brushed, and preparations entered upon for the big breakfast, or luncheon, as we call it. This is the real beginning of the French day.

It is useless to pretend, of course, that the *bonne* or any other Parisian domestic gives the rooms a thorough cleaning every day, because the sweeping is an airy tickling of the furniture and floors with feather dusters, as a rule; but the places do not get very dirty in Paris, ordinarily, and one ceases being over-nice. No one can work up a servant to wild ambition until the *déjeuner* is ready to go on the table. Then she is in earnest.

The French household begins the day so late that, if one wishes to accomplish anything, it is wise to conform to the French hours, and have *déjeuner* at noon, as is the custom in genuine French families. French ladies, hav-

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ing disposed of hair-dressing and manicuring and of other preliminaries in their morning's retirement, have their breakfast at twelve, and are ready for visitors at one. And these often come, in French houses, at that hour. At certain seasons there is walking and driving and automobiling in the Bois, at eleven and after. And there are Anglomaniacs in Paris who lunch at the British hour of one, and take tea at four or five. But these are only the ultra-fashionable French: the majority has its *déjeuner* at twelve, and its visits paid by three.

The housekeeper, therefore, who likes to learn French ways, and does not come to France to adopt English nor cling to American customs, will do better to conform to the French early luncheon, especially in view of getting the proper complement of use out of the servant. That lady, moreover, will be far more cheerful if she is allowed to follow her own tradition, and will waste less time.

The *concierge*, who is a sort of servant, exists in every domicile, be it ever so haughty or ever so humble, in Paris. It is usually a woman, except in the large hotels. She de-

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mands inevitably to be conciliated, or there may be misunderstandings about calling cards, and visits may go unmentioned. The only way to conciliate the *concierge* is with cash. The tenant may try attention to her little ones, sweet smiles, consideration of her steps, and other amiable overtures. There will be no practical amelioration of the general disfavour with which a salaried attendant in Paris regards the person he is salaried to wait upon until that person has signified substantially an intention of paying for service already included in his general mulcting. After the intention has been signified, however, and mutual understanding reigns, the *concierge* will dart up six flights and clear up clouds arising on the shopping horizon when parcels arrive. She will greet visitors with sweet smiles, and explain every one of the tenants' movements for the next week, whether she knows them or not. She will tackle abusive cabmen and straighten out tangles. If not feed, on the other hand, sullen apathy rewards every attempt to interest her, and visitors are upbraided in no gentle terms for leaving the door open

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and calling her for nothing. Such is the perfectly transparent character of the *concierge*, to which every lodger has the (golden) key.

Christmas present to the *concierge*, amount explicitly stated, also appears on the rent bill in some sorts of contracts. It does not amount to much, however; and there is no use in making any resistance. The servant question in Paris is really a very simple problem, and one quickly laid.

Language

It is like going into battle unarmed to enter upon the subject of the French colloquial and how best to acquire it. Everybody has a different mode to suggest; and most of the suggesters go without mastering the vernacular, each one of the ways is so inefficacious. There is no royal road. Unflagging persistency in speaking and being talked to by everybody alone leads to mastery, and the listening is quite as important as the speaking.

Constant practice in every-day French, then, is necessary. The English-speaking hotel *concierges* and *ici-on-parle-français* shop-keepers will impose their lingo upon new-comers; and for a time the relief of not having to make one's self understood in an utterly unintelligible tongue is grateful. But once succumb to the lazy fascination, and it becomes twice as difficult to begin for one's self. The only plan is to plunge in, and be awkward and halting for a time. Determination wins respect, and pretty soon there will be a disposition to instruct instead of to learn English at one's

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expense. It is time enough for that when Frenchmen come to America.

The general idea of a pronunciation comes by listening to the speaking of it rather than from learning set rules. In a short time certain mistakes will be impossible, because the ear has learned to reject them as un-French, simply. First, too, try to catch the general drift of the sense in trying to understand what is said. This plan is better than straining the hearing for construction or particular sets of sounds. In time certain phrases or groups of words get to be familiar. For this reason the theatre is advised for beginners, although it is discouraging for a little. The moment when one can follow the movement of a play by what is said instead of what is done is a proud one for the student. It comes like a flash. Sermons are good practice, too, but not half as good as more colloquial exercise.

Lessons are imperative for a little while, of course. The teacher should be an educated person who can correct mistakes, but above all should be a person versed in every-day things rather than in literature alone. A

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good plan is to walk or drive or take public conveyances with the teacher, listening while she asks the hours of omnibuses or chaffers in shops. Ask the meaning of the advertisement signs and other doubtful words that come up, and make the teacher correct every slightest fault. This last is highly important.

As soon as one is far enough advanced to say a few sentences with verbs correctly used, it is well to begin copying the superficial speaking manners of the French. Whether the Frenchman is intrinsically polite or not is a point that need not be discussed here. His outward form of address is perfect. And the travelling American will do well to copy it. For, given superior qualities of heart, the American has a surly manner, at all events an abrupt and unprelaced way of entering into conversation with foreigners that is painfully noticeable among the French. Not one American lady in a thousand, just coming to Paris, says "Good morning" on entering a shop. Not one in ten thousand says "Good day" on leaving it.

The phrases the traveller learns from books

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are of very little use practically. Why the phrase-makers always choose the most stilted turns it is hard to guess ; but the construction is nearly always out of the common way, and the terms are too bombastic for a new-comer to employ. Just substantives of the simplest form will be found sufficient at first. For instance, in asking for a thing, mention the thing, and let the "Will you please get me" alone. Chambermaids and *valets-de-chambre* and other servants in hotels, as well as in French houses, seldom know any English ; and it is excellent practice to address them as often as possible, and let them discourse a little in return. Cabmen offer opportunities for practice, and so do attendants at theatres. In most of the restaurants the waiters speak English ; but soon it will be easy to address them in French, and useful to do it. The person who does not let laziness or shamefacedness interfere with making the best of every chance is the one to learn French first and most thoroughly.

Ladies of good family, who are the best teachers for Americans not wishing to learn anything of a technical nature, for purposes of

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study, may be engaged for from 2 to 2½ and 3 francs an hour. There are men and women, too, again, who charge 4 and 5 francs; but the first are even better, if they are intelligent and have any talent whatever for making the most of the time. A theatre ticket is a good investment for two or three hours' practice in accustoming one's ear to the sound of the language spoken fast and idiomatically. The play should be read beforehand if possible. The words, some of them, will be unrecognisable at first. The one spelled *r-e-i-n-e*, and pronounced *r-r-a-i-n*, as one has been led to suppose, is, one finds, more like "hrrrrhhyine" than anything else. And *crème*, taught *cr-r-râme*, is "kkrrhhyime." The r's are all guttural in Paris.

Other sounds deceive one, but not many times. Practice alone inures the ear to the odd effects of words and syllables one has been encouraged to believe quite otherwise. Practise constantly. It is the only way.

The Comédie Française is usually advised for students of the French language. But, although for purity of diction and rhetorical

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perfection, of course, the men and women there are perfect, much is to be said in favour of a more every-day kind of play, with less finished speaking. Molière is too stilted for modern learners of French, as Shakspeare is found for aspirants in English. And the colloquial, with plenty of repartee, even a little slang, is more useful than the diction of Coquelin or Mounet-Sully. Again, practise speaking, but let no opportunity of listening escape.

Marketing and Meals

MARKETING is a fine art in Paris; and although it is a curious and interesting process to observe, perhaps even with a view to its acquisition later, for some time it is better to intrust it to the artists.

These are the cooks. Not only as to price of food, but as to quality, quantity, and seasonableness are the *cordons bleus* past masters and mistresses. And even the most humble *bonne* knows how to haggle successfully for 4 sous, and to get the worth of your money for you. When you see her coming in of a morning with her little basket on her arm,—her little basket which looks as if it had almost nothing in it, and for the contents of which she has paid almost nothing,—let not your extravagant American heart be troubled. She knows. Even if you are giving a dinner, be comforted. The tiny, cramped bunch of salad greens will swell to three times its tied-up proportions. The joint will be sundered so effectively as to make parts of three different dishes. The fruit will look an orchard. Never mind how it is done. Wast-

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ing is unknown to the Parisian housekeeper, and abhorred of her. Not a sou's worth is there that is not utilised. Nothing is thrown away. Ice is not kept in the house, either, except in infinitesimal instalments in the hottest part of summer, because there is nothing to keep on it. The day's provisions fulfil their exact destiny: they last a day.

There is—as any good American housekeeper in Paris will tell you—only one way for you to market in Paris; and that is not to do it at all. Others, who think they know, will declare that they keep a strict watch over each day's expenditures by going over the butcher's and grocer's bills every morning with the cook. But these invariably either pay more than the class whose cooks market for it or have worse things.

The only real way is to contract with the cook for a certain sum daily, and let her furnish everything. In America this rule would fail at the start, because we have no class of government-diplomaed cooks, as tenacious of their good names as the ladies they serve are of theirs. In France the *cordon bleu*

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has his or her distinct position to maintain ; and dishonourable conduct — like accepting good price and not giving full value — would, if reported, ruin his or her standing.

It is astonishing how easy this system (of holding the French cook entirely responsible) makes housekeeping in Paris. It is also more surprising to note its cheapness. Several cases are known to the writer of cooks who furnish a first-class table to a large family, consisting of six grown persons with good appetites, two guests, if desired, and three, sometimes four servants, for 50 cents each a day. This means three courses at luncheon, four at dinner, and the best of everything, from an expert's point of view.

For instance, coffee, tea, and chocolate, two persons taking each, with rolls and the best fresh butter, are served at early breakfast. At *déjeuner* (lunch), fish or omelet, or some light dish corresponding, comes on ; then a beefsteak or curry or chops or ham and eggs, or any other hearty dish ; then chicken, cold or hot, or substitute of the same sort, with salad. Fruit is always plenty. Sometimes

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Halles Centrales



Sidewalk Market

Marketing and Meals

an *entrée* takes the place of the steak, and then a larger dish comes last. For dinner — which is elaborate — soup, without fail, and fish, and an *entrée*, and a joint, or its equivalent; then game or chicken, invariably, with salad, followed by a pudding or an ice, and coffee and fruit. The 30 francs—for that is the cook's tariff—includes, *by contract*, food enough for two additional persons, who may be asked at the last moment; and 5 francs extra is given after that for each guest invited beforehand. As 30 francs is a scant \$6, it may be seen that, when there are two guests,—as there often are,—and the *femme de ménage* is had in to help in the kitchen, making four there, the rate is easily under half a dollar apiece a day. Economical ladies, wishing to spend less in proportion, may do so by making an arrangement to that effect with a *bonne à tout faire* who, for 4 or 5 instead of 6 francs a day, would eagerly cater for two people. But it must be remembered that numbers diminish in large ratio the financial rate; also, that the appetite diminishes, inversely, in ratio to the number of

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persons eating (and talking) at the same time. So that, in view of these two facts, 3 francs for two persons might insure all the food two ladies might require.

Cream and cheese are not included in the French cook's schedule. Neither, of course, is aerated or bottled water, or wine. These are the only extras in an ordinary table's provision, except five o'clock tea, which is not French.

No blind submission to the cook's tastes or economies is expected, either. If she, in showing the menu for the day, which she does every morning, displays a tendency for frequent veal or liver, or any other article not affected by the family, the head of the house simply says to her, "Get chops instead of veal or beef instead of tripe"; and the order is obeyed. Against the lament, now so general in Paris, to the effect that food is terribly dear, may be set the foregoing true remarks. No wonder the public think food is dear, when a housekeeper, who tries to do her own marketing, finds that she must pay \$5 for one joint of beef, or when they ask her 60 cents

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for a cup of tea at a restaurant! These are also common experiences.

If, however, instead of housekeeping by contract or even marketing one's self, the women in whom we are interested decide that they are going to be so irregularly at home as to make it rather foolish to have regular meals there, or suppose that they are merely in lodgings where board is not furnished, they must know about the restaurants, and how to get the best out of them.

To begin with, they must take the little breakfast at home. That meal is not served outside, at least not comfortably, nor always very cheerfully. There is probably not enough profit in it.

Now as to breakfast, as one calls the noon meal in Paris, always there are as many places to go to for that as there are sands of the sea. A good deal depends on where you happen to be at half-past twelve. If shopping, there are many restaurants near your shop. Near the Boulevards, supposing you to be there, everywhere you turn your eye is a place to lunch. Nowadays there is a kind of thing

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for hurried or stingy or economical people called the "express bar." It is amusing, but, as one cannot sit down, not luxurious nor a rest from the fatigues of shopping. The procedure is this: Entering, one sees clean marble slabs on which are dishes of sandwiches of every kind, meat *pâtés*, jelly rolls, cakes without number, and *Charlottes de Russe*. Two copper sous slipped into a slot properly placed jerks your selection into your hand. Drinks are furnished in a mysterious manner, simply pouring into the cup or glass you put under the faucet, having also deposited your 2 or 3 sous. Change is furnished at the desk as you come in, and the price of each article is plainly posted. The place is so constantly cleaned up, the things are so carefully replaced, as to give one an uncanny feeling as of an unseen eye narrowly regarding one,—the same feeling as when one used to play chess with the Turkish automaton. But a good meal of cold meats, and bread and cakes, washed down with any kind of earthly beverage, even to champagne,—which some consider heavenly, by the by,—coffee, tea, choco-

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late, punch, whiskey and soda, hot "grog," and the rest. Just the quantity of hot water comes from its faucet, when you put the glass under, after having received the whiskey or whatever goes at the bottom. Such a refection costs at most a franc, and that is allowing for four kinds of things.

Then there are the Café Anglais, on the Boulevard, Pousset's, Joseph's, close by the Opéra Comique, Paillard's,— all but Pousset's being very dear; and for a spree there is the Café de Paris, on the Avenue de l'Opéra. ("Spree," because there is apt to be a gay crowd always there.) This last place is as expensive as one cares to make it, and no power could cause it to be cheap. And beware of *hors-d'œuvres* everywhere. They are always brought on with an air of jovial liberality; and they are with equal indifference to cost — yours — ranged along the bill.

On the Grand Boulevard, in a very central spot, is one of the Duval bakeries or butcher-ies, or whatever they are called. They were founded, at all events, by a butcher; and they are after our system of bakeries. These are

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truly cheap, clean, and comfortable. The Duval establishments are scattered all over Paris in all kinds of localities, and are usually upstairs.

In the vicinity of the Bon Marché and the Louvre are some excellent places to get breakfast. There is a Duval in the Rue de Rivoli, very convenient to the latter shop. Near the Bon Marché are some of the most satisfactory restaurants in Paris, being French and not dear.

Lists of restaurants will be found in the regular guide-books, as Baedeker's. They have not been found infallible, however, as prices change and the respectability of the restaurants changes. Paris is the most fickle city in regard to loyalty to its haunts ; and the Maison Dorée, once the most fashionable place in the town,—and still marked so, by the by, in Baedeker,—has become almost unknown to moderns. So it is with the Grand Hôtel, formerly celebrated for its swarms of modish people and its 5-franc breakfasts. It is deserted now by the class that formed its prestige. And the Continental, besieged a

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few years ago by eager diners at its *table-d'hôte* hour, is gone by as to fashion, and now feeds a motley lot. Ritz, at the moment, is the objective point of diners, breakfasters, "five o'clockers," of the great world. When this comes to be read, the crowds that batter the doors now may be besieging another charmed precinct for admittance. At present people dress expressly for the Ritz. When they are in second or third best clothes, they go to one of the older-fashioned places. It may all be changed in six months.

In the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie is an old forgotten restaurant, called Café Procope. Once it was the resort of all the geniuses in Paris. At the present moment it is the headquarters of the *Jeunesse Transvalienne*, and thus may be exemplified the passing of the mode.

Foyot's, near the Odéon, is a fine café for those who wish to see a truly French place. It is invaded a good deal by Americans at present, but they have not managed to spoil it. Days when there is a *plat du jour*, order that. They do not stand over you, as at some other places, as if surprised and disgusted that you

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do not give larger orders; and you are let alone. La Pélouze, in the Latin Quarter, is another choice spot: there one may eat as little as one likes,—a rare privilege in Paris.

The Tour d'Argent, presided over by the immortal Frédéric, is a place to visit occasionally, and when one has plenty of time as well as money. Frédéric tells you what to eat, and cooks it for you. His famous *canneton de Rouen*, or pressed duck, is one of the richest dishes in Paris, and takes at least three-quarters of an hour to prepare. If Frédéric does not like your other orders, he tells you so, and refuses to fill them. But it is well worth the 14 francs paid for the duck to watch the master cook it. He burns himself frightfully, and always lights the lamps with his fingers. Sometimes he burns his clothes, but he never burns the duck.

For steady lunching, of course, Frédéric's and Foyot's and La Pélouze are out of the question for women, who never, or seldom, care for luncheons as men do, and who are in a hurry in Paris, as men never are. The Duval *Bouillons* are recommended for usual

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days, with an occasional breakfast at one of the dearer and more amusing places. Two ladies ought thus to bring their expense down, so that the weekly or semi-weekly treat does not interfere with the main scheme.

In summer it is suggested that breakfast should invariably be taken out of doors. A tram or omnibus will carry one near the restaurants in the Bois; and there may be had the occasional expensive lunch at D'Armenonville or La Cascade (not so good nowadays) or at Madrid. Laurent's and Paillard's and a few others in the Champs-Élysées may be alternated with them; but for steady purposes there is an excellent café just at the Rond Point, most popular spot. The Rond Point is the enlargement of the Champs-Élysées, where it meets the Avenues Montaigne and d'Antin, where there are many fountains. The Café Restaurant de Rond Point is the name of the café referred to. It is first-class, very jolly, and cheap.

Tea, if one requires it,—and it is the rage now in Paris to “*feeve o'clouguer*,”—may be had at many places, principally at cake-shops.

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Gagé's, near the Arc de Triomphe, is one of the best. The Palace Hôtel des Champs-Élysées, which is a good deal bothered with its name, has instituted a tea system, which began to be popular last summer, but which died out in the winter. It is a most delightful and central spot, however, when the driving begins, and will no doubt be the rage. Tea is twice as dear there as at Gagé's. Among the shops, near the Madeleine, is Ladurée's, which had a vogue once, and is still moderately patronised, especially on Sunday afternoon, after vespers. Colombin's, in the Rue Cambon, very near, was wonderfully crowded for several years; but the tide has set away from it of late in favour of Ritz's. Miss Foster, in the Rue St. Honoré, has a good following; and Miss Davis, in the Boulevard Haussmann, is well supplied with custom. There is a tea-place in the Rue La Boétie, also, where the toast is celebrated. At Neal's Library, an English shop, there is an upper story fitted up for tea. That is in the Rue de Rivoli, very centrally placed. Tea is served at a moderate rate, too.

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Dining down town is a more delicate operation for ladies, and one is disposed to suggest that our two should have a cooked meal sent in now and then to their rooms. It is fatiguing and annoying always to be obliged to dine out. There are 2-franc, 3-, and 5-franc dinners to be got in this way, the waiter returning for the dishes at a given time. Wine may be brought with it, and there is no trouble at home. With one or two days a week provided for in this way, the rest can be managed pleasantly.

Nearly every hotel in Paris has a *table d'hôte* or restaurant *à la carte*, where ladies may go without notice. It is, therefore, merely a question of choice. At the larger places the dinner costs at the *table d'hôte* 6 or 7 francs; at the smaller ones, 5 and even 4. But there are still the same places at which one lunched. The Duval give very good dinners at low rates.

If one wants to see fashion, mostly American, it is safe to go to the hotels in vogue at the period. If one wishes to learn French and taste French home dishes "like mother

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used to make " and learn a few things about household arrangements, it is a fine plan to make some arrangement in a French private family or at a small *pension* where French conversation is made a specialty at the table. Professors are even hired for this purpose, but the hired professors are not recommended. It will be found, on inquiry, that there are many ways of dining which will combine a good dinner, a French lesson, and amusement, at light expense. No family would think of charging more than 2 francs for dinner had in this way.

Those who are fond of French dishes — and they are not scarce — like to make a dinner off some particular *plat*, for which some special place is celebrated. There is a *bouillabaisse* place, for example; and somewhere else there is a cook who does *filet de sole* as no one but that one cook ever did. That is a good idea, too. Persons living in Paris, and not hurried to death by constant rushing about in search of conventional "sights," will find infinite variety possible in dining arrangements. A less changing programme is, how-

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ever, suggested for the dark and damp winter months, December and February,—January is apt to be more genial; for going out at night much, for ladies unattended, hunting up safe places to dine, is cheerless.

Climate

"SUNNY France" is not represented in its best estate at Paris, its capital. The sunshine in summer is life-giving, to be sure, and without a flaw; but the springs and autumns are raw, and the winters dark and damp. Much of the difficulty attending the latter seasons might be obviated if the French understood the art of making their houses habitable, but they don't. Systematic heating is an unknown science to them; and as for dryness of walls and floors, after continued rain, they do not even know that the need exists. As a result, half the Parisian world is sniffing and coughing, and the other half bent with rheumatism. The French think that if they put cotton in their ears and shut all the air out of houses and busses, they are taking great care of themselves. So they sit in damp houses that are never once dried from September to May, and dream they are hygienic. They draw shawls round their shoulders and put their feet on chilly floors, and, with cotton in their ears,—white for every day, pink for Sundays and holidays,

Climate

— dream that they are protected from draughts.

The *calorifère*, or sort of incomplete and primitive furnace, is as far as genuine Parisians have got in house-heating. No bedroom is ever warmed, except by small fireplaces, or *salamandres*, breathing coal-gas, or those awful stoves set into the walls. Every hotel — by which one means public houses, for all private houses are, you know, called *hôtels* in France — is like a barn all the spring, although, by paying rather heavily for wood by the basket, one may have an open fire. Fifty cents is the price of a dozen sticks, and the kindling is extra. There is a species of square condensed brick of fuel, called a *brique*, which is more economical; but it takes about a basket of wood to get one going. If they are once kindled, *briques* are excellent, and cost only 3 cents apiece. Eight will last a day, but you have to keep something else burning under them.

Bring warm underclothing to Paris, for after August the evenings are always damp. Driving in the Bois is dangerous in the

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autumn without winter clothes, and the closed cabs are got out very early for this reason. In May, the real "season," it is apt to be cold in the mornings, and evenings, too; and before that month it is like winter, with a brilliant sun now and then bursting out and heating things.

The winters themselves are terrors to the Parisians, who go south as soon as possible; but they are ~~no worse~~ ^{far worse} than winters in any river-town, where the thermometer does not go very low, but where there is always dampness about and rain ~~two-thirds~~ of the time. Wind is almost unknown in Paris. It may not be so healthy to have none, but it is blessed for women who have hats and skirts on their minds. As there are no bad smells, the city being clean to its uttermost part, the wind is not required to blow those away; and the absence of dishevelling conditions is really a boon. A city that flushes every one of its streets and every one of its drains with pure water every morning of its life, and has no dirty alleys, cannot be said to be very unhealthy. As for the drinking water, one hears

Climate

little said of its danger of late ; and a great many foreigners drink it altogether without detriment.

If the houses could be properly heated and properly aired, it would be hard to see why Paris should not be free from rheumatism and colds, which are epidemic now. Many, indeed most Parisians sleep with every window shut tight. Few houses are opened out wide in the morning. As it rains a great deal in the autumn, and more in the winter, it is easy to see that the houses become repositories for stored up dampness.

American housekeepers, although they may not be able to command steam heat or furnace in Paris, may yet regulate their temperatures indoors and see that their apartments are aired and sunned. They will have to fight constantly with French servants to do it, however.

Pourboire

AMONG the French institutions that the American seldom grows to like, and which at first infuriate him, stands, upheld by immemorial tradition, the *pourboire*, or perpetual fee, for which no equivalent is rendered or is even pretended to be rendered. It is maddening to the very rich American as well as the very poor. Not because the American is disinclined to be lavish,—for he is willing and eager to shower his money alike on the just and the unjust,—but he likes to shower it in grand floods, and not in tiny tricklets. He also wishes to get some species of recognition while paying voluminously for his pleasure. He gets nothing of the kind out of *pourboiring*, for the small sums are exacted and expected.

If men suffer from this annoyance, what shall be said of women? Ladies, when they go unattended to the theatres,—for it is well understood that women have no pockets,—are obliged to “load up” with bags, or soil their gloves with copper coin. The *pourboires* of the affluent may be paid in silver, but these tiny

Pourboire

taxes count up so rapidly that the economical learn to give the minimum extorted. For there is the *pourboire* for the coachman going and for the coachman coming ; for the *ouvreuse*, who gives nothing that one does want and everything that one doesn't, sticks little, tippy, and unneeded footstools under one's feet, and demands fees for *not* having deposited wraps with her as well as for doing it. Programmes have to be bought, too, and paid for when the *ouvreuse* asks, perhaps at a critical moment in the play. If the supply of coin gives out or gets low, the snuffy old lady makes contemptuous remarks on the insufficiency of the perquisite, and may even reject it, not silently, either. When she takes this step, the whole audience knows it; and every eye in the neighbourhood is brought to bear on the stingy lady who has economised on the poor, hard-working *ouvreuse*.

Two American ladies, who had neglected to provide themselves with sufficient stacks of copper discs, and who found themselves with just enough money to take them home and give a small fee to the "pew-opener,"

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administered the 2 or 3 sous they had, and tried to convey as much pleasantness as they could in the smile with which they bestowed them. The smile was wasted. The ladies were in the front row of the balcony, their seats having been transferred to them by a third person, whose name was on the slip. It did not take the enraged *ouvreuse* long to recall this little circumstance. She marched down to the desk, armed herself with the complimentary billet, and presented herself. They were occupying seats to which they were not entitled. They must go out. They were horribly conspicuous, but they went to the desk in their turn to complain. The thing was adjusted at last; but the man said, "It is always kind, ladies, to give the woman who shows you your seats a little more money, and then she will always be more polite." What could two women do who could with difficulty explain their first quandary? They had to swallow their wrath and face the sneering Mrs. Gamp, who, they knew, would never be even reproved for her impertinence and her unfair demands. Now and then a

Pourboire

peculiarly exasperated foreigner writes an angry letter on the subject to a newspaper. But it is always to a paper printed in English; and the only effect is to start those not in authority discussing it for the thousandth time, without effect.

As no coachman or fee-demander of any denomination can ever change any coin, it is necessary to carry copper, or over-fee. In a day the *pourboires*, however infinitesimal they seem individually, amount, collectively, to 2 or 3 francs. But it is not the amount so much as the incessant bother that annoys one. The polite *chasseur* at shop doors, who hunts one's cab or puts one's parcels in it, is not polite at all unless his wages are augmented by each shopper; and, indeed, he keeps the cabman waiting until he's perfectly sure he is not to be feed, when he bangs the door in a huff, shouting something about her meanness to the driver.

Then there is the man who runs after every person who ventures near a ticket office to buy theatre seats. He opens the carriage door or pilots the pedestrian noisily to the office, no

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matter how simple a matter it is to find it. When the bargain is concluded, no matter how persistently the purchaser has snubbed him, refusing his services altogether, he hangs round, begging *pourboire*.

Coming out of the restaurant or tea-place, one is often obliged to look up one's carriage and tuck one's self in on a cold afternoon. The *chasseur* comes running up just in time to emphasise the parting slam of the door, and then he motions the coachman to wait until he himself has been given something! There are many of these small "hold-ups," against which one is powerless to prevail, in Paris. If one only could, by paying a dollar at the beginning of the day, cover these demands, and have done with them! But that is out of the question, of course. They must be dribbled out.

Reforming French ways is something that the American sojourner is advised not to attempt. Those who start in with the stout and pious determination of "refusing to be a party to fraud" may hold out a day, but they will have an unhappy time of it. One is not

Pourboire

compelled by law to give more than his fare, $1\frac{1}{2}$ franc, to a cabman. But the unwritten law — it can hardly be called unspoken, it is so noisily insisted upon — of 25 centimes extra is not infringed without sympathy from every bystander and passer-by within call. The police would certainly not uphold the fare who refused to pay a cabman's *pourboire*. The nuisance would stop just short of arrest if it stopped at all. The cabman jumps down from his box, in order to insult the fiend who refused an honest *cocher* his dues, at closer range. He chatters, screams, curses. When the strife waxes so high that the reformer is frightened, and pays the demanded tribute, the *cocher* mounts his box, with graduated muttering, which lasts, growing fainter, until he is appeased entirely, perhaps a mile down the street. If, however, the fare escapes into his own house or lodging, banging the door irrevocably in the baffled driver's face, the whole place resounds with his cries, until he finds another passenger, and is obliged to take himself off. But no one will congratulate the escaped on his victory. It is considered

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very small business to defraud a cabman of his little tax. There is no moral.

A *pourboire* is usually looked for on parcels delivered from shops. Dressmakers' girls expect one. Then there are many that are ostensibly optional with the givers, but are really necessary to good service in hotels. The *concierge's pourboires* have been mentioned. There is scarcely a servant or *employé* anywhere in Paris who is not feed regularly and from compulsion.

Cabs

CABS in Paris are like servants in India,—so cheap that they are dear. Cabs in Paris cost so little, and are so easy to get and so hard to avoid,—just as servants are in India,—that one takes a huge number of them, and eats up all the saving.

The ordinary *fiacre* of commerce is a rather rickety affair, with a socially inclined driver, who may or may not be in a good mood, and who makes his passenger enjoy or suffer, as the fit takes him. The Paris *cocher* is a character, and well repays a lively interest. But this interest must not take the form of attempt to convert or reform, or of any suggestion whatever of change in his mode of procedure. If he chooses to beat his horse,—and he usually does—you must let him do it. If he wishes to watch the proceedings down a side street or behind him, he will disregard his own steed all the more if you remonstrate with him. If he is warm and feels moved to discard his shoes, perhaps he will take you into his confidence in regard to his reasons for doing so, should you comment on the action;

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but that is as far as he will go. He sometimes muses aloud, sometimes goes to sleep, and often he runs into other carriages. But something watches over him and you, when you are in his keeping; and accidents are rare—very rare, when one considers the conditions.

Somebody has counted the cabs in Paris, and has given their number as fifteen thousand. But that was in 1898, and there are at least two to three thousand more now. They are as plentiful as locusts in a plague, except when you want one terribly, as in a rain-storm, or when you are in a fearful hurry. Then there are none in sight, or they rattle past you by the score all full. In this latter case the driver sticks his tongue in his cheek, makes a hideous grimace, or regards you with a stony stare, showing his independence of you or his contempt for your plight. But there are parts of Paris, like the popular part of the Grand Boulevard, and the Rue de la Paix of an afternoon, when cabs are in hundreds, and one could have a dozen at once.

The cabs that go slowly, with the driver



“ Fiacre ”



“ Cochers ”



Cabs

looking about for victims, are the only ones available. Perhaps, after all, the coachman who rails at a foolish person who hails a carriage going along at a swinging gait is justified in his contempt. In Paris it has been understood for generations that this is the sign of an occupied conveyance.

Having called the cab, the passenger shows his watch if he wishes to hire it by the hour. *À l'heure* is the proper term to use in this connection. Two francs, with an additional half-franc for nothing, called *pourboire*, is the charge. This means that three persons can crowd into the cab, and that no allowance must be made, as in our country, for the return of the cabman to the spot from which he originally started. And, by the by, the cheapness of the cab system is in its willingness to accommodate a number of persons under one fare. Two francs is 38 cents; and the *pourboire*, which may be lowered to a quarter of a franc, or 5 cents barely, swells this absurd tariff to a scant 45 cents, for which consideration three people may be conveyed several miles.

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A "course" arrangement, infinitely preferred by all coachmen, means any distance, small or great, within the city limits, round the corner, or two miles perhaps. It is by the short courses of greenhorns, who hail a cab in ignorance to go three steps, that much money is made by *cochers*,—that, and a way they have of revenging themselves on innocents who take them by the hour, by making an hour's drive out of a ten minutes' journey. On the other hand, they are often done by the hour customers; and that is one reason they hate them so. Ladies shopping will forget all about the cabs they have kept waiting, and the cabmen will wait and search in vain the better part of a day for derelict passengers.

The "course" fare is 19 cents and the tag of 3 or 4 or even 5 cents. And most persons will agree that they would rather pay the more liberal and even sum of another franc than be bothered with the everlasting large and small copper discs.

Now, admitting that 32 and 34 cents are absurd prices for cabs, it is easy to see

Cabs

that they become a constant temptation, and that it is not difficult to take four or five in one day, when one is going about a good deal. The victorias in summer come so close to one standing wearily first on one foot and then on the other, wondering vaguely where to take the economical but crowded and perhaps distant tram! The low, comfortable seat into which one can slip without effort, and from which one can step easily at one's door, is too tempting to be resisted. Bang! goes another 32 cents; but it is your fourth for the day. It should be added that cabs charge an extra franc after half-past twelve at night. This means practically that if a theatre-goer does not go to supper after the play, he may get home with a day fare; for the theatres do not close, as a general thing, till midnight.

For the proud there are the *remises*, which are far more expensive and still more tempting, when one has time to order them beforehand. The regular price is 3 francs, with *pour-boire* of 1 franc; but you mustn't call it 4 francs an hour. A great deal of haggling and

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arranging is necessary for these carriages; and, as they require a middleman's services before they can be had, usually, there is more or less copper or silver dropped somewhere in between. The fairy guide-books tell of stands where *voitures de remise* may be hired without trouble or delay on a 3-franc basis, but few have found such favored oases. At the hotels they will arrange for them at that rate, sometimes; but usually those "are all out," and it is necessary to take one of the 20-franc-an-afternoon kind. As the *pourboire* attaching to the 20-franc, or four-dollar carriages amounts to another dollar, the tariff for these differs in no way from that of our own dear carriages hired for an afternoon at home.

The beauty of the *remise* is that it bears no number or other insignia of hiredness, and that therefore the American traveller may be suspected of having bought a carriage (which is so likely!). However, there are real charms about them, for they have decent horses, and men in livery to drive them; and the carriages themselves are clean and quite elegant

Cabs

as to linings and fittings. Some persons advise taking them for sight-seeing purposes; but, unless one is going out beyond the region of *fiacres*, it is more economical to call a cab when one has just spent two hours in a gallery or show-place than to pay for two hours spent in keeping a *remise* outside.

For ordinary street-hailed cabs the Camille — black glazed hat with orange band, and light lining to the cab — has been found, in a long run of experience, to be far the most reliable kind. The Compagnie Générale has profited by a career of years in abundance, and now boasts a long line of the ricketiest, most dilapidated conveyances; lean, tired tats of horses; and narrow-chested, tumbling-to-pieces drivers, ever descended from any lineage. The Compagnie Urbaine — the adjective relating to the metropolitan derivation of the corporation, and not specially to the disposition of its servants — is a good deal better than the Générale; but that, too, has fallen off in equipment and in the sitting-up qualities of its coachmen. Some people think, by the by, that the gone-to-

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pieces condition of the boxes has a little to do with the insecure appearance of the men on them, others that the drivers themselves are unable to hold themselves together. Possibly both causes combine — aided by a universal somnolency on the parts of the men — to give an appearance of this being the last minute they can by any chance keep on.

Every year there is an animated debate in the New York *Herald* published in Paris as to whether the cabmen can be stopped from beating their horses. Many maintain that the steady whack, whack that is heard in the land, from the rising of the coachmen to the going to bed thereof, is the outward and visible sign of a merely spiritual beating applied to the animals; in other words, that it is only the harness that is hit, and that the whack is the exuberance of the race of coachmen, giving itself vent in a happy national noise, like the joy-cry of the Egyptians.

One argument in support of the harness theory is that the horses — worn as many of them look — do not bear on their backs and sides the enormous wales they should be

Cabs

covered with if every whack, or even every other whack, meant a blow on their hides. But the incessant noise of what is apparently terrific horse-beating does get on the nerves of every new-comer to Paris; and, when it has got off them, one is ashamed, just as one is who has got used to the dirt in Pittsburg or Cleveland or Chicago.

However cruel the Paris cabby may be to his horse,—and you can join in the first annual symposium about it after you get to Paris, and air your views in the *Herald*,—there is no doubt about the fact that he is devoted to dogs. Nearly every coachman in Paris owns a pet dog, and carries it about with him under the box. While he is waiting for his fare, he takes it out and pets and talks to it. It is at these moments in the coachman's life that the passing stranger—on the defensive in other capacities—learns to know and like the Paris cabby. He has a lot of characteristic humour, is afraid of nobody, reads shrewdly the (worst) Paris newspapers, is informed highly in municipal matters, and is a driving directory of churches, theatres,

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museums, parks,—no matter how small or out of the way,—is impervious to fatigue, down-trodden by his employer in a business way, and is, in general, the most interesting figure in Paris. But you have to go to work in the right way to cultivate him. A patronising tone, and all is lost. Any comment on the horse is received coldly. It is usually better to begin with the dog.

It may be thought strange that in a chapter on French cabs only the old-time article with a horse should have been mentioned. But, although Paris was the early home of the automobile, the child has not yet become a universal pet in its infancy's abode.

As for the automobile cab, it has never become popular, nor even much considered, in Paris. Average French people are scared to death of anything new, and then the system has not started on liberal principles.

Now the chief pleasure in promenading in an automobile, for those who have the courage to try it, is its swiftness. So, entering one of the hired conveyances, with a feeling of anticipation of excitement, if not danger, what

Cabs

is one's disgust to creep along the Champs-Élysées! "But why do we go so slowly?" "Ah! it is possible to go fast; but Monsieur has paid only the regular fare, 5 francs. For 7 francs, one can go fast; for 10 francs, very fast." This species of blackmail has brought the horseless cab into disrepute in Paris, as far as foreigners are concerned.

But there are few of them, anyway; and, as they throw mud, of which there are vast quantities in rainy weather (and it rains all the time in winter), they keep the drivers constantly cleaning them. So they are out very little after the warm weather.

Some of the rich people of Paris own handsome and speedy machines which are seen, and barely escaped alive, in the Bois. And one dodges always those queer things that dash along with a clatter of loose machinery, and looking as if they had just broken out of a factory with some of the works still clinging to them. Those are never missing.

But those are not cabs. The automobile hailed by the passer-by has not yet come into existence in Paris. And if it did, the fifteen

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to twenty thousand infuriated cabbies would wreck every one. And so strong is tradition among the French people, and the cabmen are such a mob in themselves, everybody would side with the cabbies; and there would be a revolution.

Sight-seeing

THE amount of "sight-seeing" necessary to the proper understanding and enjoyment of life in Paris ought to depend on the imagination as well as the taste, some people requiring so much more ocular demonstration than others. Unfortunately, it depends largely with Americans upon the physical strength. Persons of all ages and callings, with no yearnings for art and no sympathy with collections, are dragged through galleries and museums, and, worse still, drag themselves from a wearisome sense of unpleasing duty to be done at any sacrifice of personal pleasure. They do not know that more characteristic knowledge may be gained of a nation by observing its daily life in streets and houses than in an ignorant examination of its monuments, or one made perfunctorily; for thousands of "sight-seers" immolate themselves weekly on the altar of supposed education, and are simply bored.

It ought not to be necessary to make lists of places for tourists to visit, no matter what their bents. The classified guide-books mention everything that they think can be of

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interest, so that those with special cravings can find their quests or be told what they need to seek. But the conventional itineraries of these same guide-books, even if there is a demand for them, breed nothing but weariness of spirit. They cram the mind and fatigue it at the same time, so that little is remembered. And there is nothing so stupid as going to see a church on Tuesday, when one would rather see it on Friday or, perhaps, not at all. Everybody does not have to be mad about churches in order to be respected or self-respecting. Yet, if you do not take in St. Eustache, for instance, on your way to the markets, you are ashamed to meet your friends. The idea of skipping anything, and above all a church, is thought wild.

If, however, lost to shame and dead to ambition, one disobeys the traditional teachings of touring, and follows an impulse or strolls about aimlessly now and then, many interesting sights may be seen, although they may not be catalogued in a museum. Uneventful little shop-windows, down dull, crooked little streets, with funny people engaged in every-day pur-



Omnibus



Street News-stand and Newsboy

1

Sight-seeing

suits sitting behind them, are often more valuable as object-lessons than the study of a scarab in the antiquity portion of the Louvre, or the promenade through hall after hall of landscape and portrait, without a kindling sense.

It is far more fun, at any rate, whatever may be said of its artistic side, to take a walk to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and see the newly married *bourgeois* riding on ostriches and having their photographs done together in slot-machines than it is to regard the sculptures in Notre Dame with disfavour. No dignified guide-book directs the tourist to the wedding parties, but it may be stated frankly that they are among the most amusing sights of Paris. The rest of the party may be repeating the words "Gothic" and "Romanesque" like parrots, and viewing their examples like automatons. One at least is having a good time.

The real "sights" of Paris — for the first few weeks, at any rate — are to be seen in the streets and boulevards, in the theatres, the parks, the churches at service-times, the

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funerals, the weddings, the popular excursions out of town. The really French restaurants, too, present their types; and so do the markets. The cemeteries are, perhaps, the most characteristic of all the places to see. The races show Paris at its most fashionable; and so do the promenades and drives of the Bois de Boulogne, at the right moments, also. Yet the time to see the *monde* is not the half-hour sandwiched in between fatiguing half-days of hard sledging in the Louvre, when one is jaded and incapable of appreciating frivolity. The little parks where the *bourgeois* family comes with its sewing and its pipe and its children and its dog in the long summer afternoons, and is serenely content, that is one of the pleasantest sights of Paris. Another is that of the workman at his repast in the street, with his thick soup and his red wine and his garlic. He drinks as openly as he eats, too: there are no screens to the French bars. The omnibus and tramway ways are funny to watch. At the offices, tickets with numbers are to be had; and then the numbers are read off, while a perfect throng,

Sight-seeing

most of which has to wait for the next 'bus or tram, trails behind to know its fate. Each conveyance holds a certain number of persons, — no more ; and, when that number is got in, the rest turn cheerfully back to be augmented by as many more before the next arrival of a train. But the first-come are invariably the first-served. Only, if the vehicle holds thirty-eight, and you bear the figure 156, you have some time to linger, naturally.

At midnight the procession of market-carts commences. The arrangement of each is like that of a garden, for the vegetables are laid out in rows according to colour. Carrots make a sprightly contrast to cauliflower and turnip ; and there are funny vegetables we never see in America, and some we certainly hope never to taste there nor anywhere. But they are pretty in the carts. These loads are not ordered beforehand by the marketmen, and delivered to them by contract. They are brought on a venture, most of them, and sold by auction each day. This insures freshness and good quality. It is a case of perpetual competition, healthy for the consumer.

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In the early morning, before seven o'clock, the Halles, or grand central markets close by the church St. Eustache, are given over to pedestrians only, no carriages being allowed in the neighbourhood. Although there are many other markets, and it is not here probably that one's own cook buys his provisions for the day, the traffic is incredible until one has seen the crowds. It is one of the most wonderful of the Paris sights, and it does not take a knowledge of architecture or painting to comprehend it.

The flower-markets, arranged with that perfect taste which ties a bow or adorns a corsage with inimitable touch, are glorious in their season; and the flower-shops bloom in such profusion to the passer-by as we seldom see displayed.

Street-venders of fish and violets and strawberries are picturesque; and they have their own peculiar cries, which one learns quickly to distinguish.

Paris laundries are mostly a little way out in the country, and are interesting objects of pilgrimage if one has the time. There are no



Woman and Dog in Harness

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Man harnessed in Hand-cart

[illegible][illegible]

Figure 1 consists of two scatter plots. The left plot shows a positive correlation between the number of children and the number of mothers, with a regression line. The right plot shows a negative correlation between the number of children and the number of mothers, with a regression line.

Sight-seeing

steam laundries which tear the clothes ; but, as compensation, the French know of corrosive substances which will eat into a handkerchief or a shirt with almost American proficiency. The hand-processes are cheerful to watch, however ; and the ironing, intricate folding, and "glossing," done by active and lively ladies without any machines for saving of "elbow grease," is refreshing, if unprogressive to the view. But there are still left, too, in Paris, relics of the primitive hand-cart laundry system in the fresh, rosy young girls who appear trundling their barrows through the streets, hatless and not ashamed. These last are more attractive than the huge laundry buildings to see, and do one's heart good. The rag-pickers, too, are often buxom and bright ; but more often they are not.

But the surviving laundresses wear neat, well-fitting black dresses, and ribbons at their throats ; and their hair is beautifully done.

Tondeurs, or dog-shavers, belong to a respectable class, and are quite dignified. They shave the dogs of exclusive patrons at their homes, and they have also headquarters on

A Woman's Paris

the river-bank where they do a thriving business, both washing all kinds of dogs and tonsuring poodles; for this universal Paris pet is not considered presentable without exactly one-half his back shaved, with clumps or tufts called *pompons* left on his nose, portions of his rear, and on other spots dictated by fashion. The hair taken off these shaggy animals must be a source of revenue to the tonsorial dog-artists if they are allowed to dispose of it themselves.

Newsboys, as one calls them indiscriminately with us, are usually grown men in Paris. They are not allowed in certain districts to sum up the contents of their wares at great length; but they have stentorian voices, which, repeated every second, give the same effect, and are about as informing. The more dignified papers do not send their papers out to be cried or sold on the pavement.

Juggernaut steam trams, with tops as big and heavy as their main bodies, come screeching along their tracks. The omnibus and tram drivers wear funny little squat hats, glazed, and tied under the chin with

Sight-seeing

elastic, like children. These last run down pedestrians and other conveyances with that independence born of the assurance that they are bigger than any other team on the road. Sometimes they tip over, and then for a little while they are chastened.

Priests and sisters of charity pervade the walks. Occasionally there is a Normandy or Brittany peasant, in gay dress and flaunting cap. Nursery-maids, streamers of broad ribbon reaching to the ground, are not a novelty to America, as families often import them to those shores, where they look very silly. Carters leading ten horses tandem, attached to enormous loads of stone, are dressed very gayly. They wear smocks of light green or blue, or even pink. The horses, great, splendid Norman brutes, are arrayed as to the head in dark blue door mats, or what look like them, and are exceedingly picturesque.

Then there are the horrid sights of Paris. Men and dogs and, worse yet, women and dogs, hitched together to little carts of rubbish and litter. One has seen a wretched old hag pick a dirty bone out of the gutter,

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and gnaw at it herself before offering it to the dog. But it is a matter for congratulation that the streets are, as a rule, so cleaned of refuse that that loathsome scene is rare. There are others, however, that are not so rare.

Funerals in Paris are among the sights that strangers must be interested to see, for here is no scope for individual taste or feeling, as with us ; and the method of procedure is a national one.

The family has to be publicly greeted. No privacy or seclusion is permitted ; and the most acutely bereaved widow or orphan, whose relation has been wrested under the most harrowing circumstances, is obliged to stand and receive emotional condolences. For convention rules the sympathy, as well as the acceptance of it. Differing grades of handshakes and hugs and kissings mark the differing degrees of intimacy, friendship, or pretended friendship. The ordeal would be impossible for an Anglo-Saxon, and the publicity revolting.

A huge envelope, with black border an inch



Nurse-maid



Flower-woman

Sight-seeing

or two wide, announces to acquaintances the demise, virtues, and titles of the deceased, and invites *assistance* at the funeral. The church door is hung heavily with black, the initial or crest of the dead marking the personality. In the case of a first or second class funeral, there is a book in which are entered the names of all attending the services. This necessitates a full number, if any were disposed to shirk; for of course the mourners scan the book. But there is no disposition to shirk in France. After the church part, there is a procession of men on foot, and women, too, if they are relations; and the toil up to the very summit of Montmartre, as some of them do, in summer, is no light feat.

If it were not for the social and to us indelicate character of the public condolences, the Paris funeral would be the most solemn of ceremonials. The music is often of the most profound, the mass is said reverently, and the mourning is unrelieved. It is not worn long, however; and the heaviest of widow's weeds consists of fantasies in crape, sticking up in points and tufts that are any-

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thing but suggestive of grief or of hiding the head in sorrow. Yet there is genuine anguish over death in the families of France.

There are sights it is as well to close the eyes to in Paris; and one of them is the habit men have of staring, of making remarks, even faces, of sitting down while ladies stand talking to them, of crowding out through a heavy door in front of a lady without even holding it open as he goes, and many others still more obnoxious. And no story of Paris would be truthful, or anything but absurd, without comment on the habit of unattended women flaunting themselves at the theatres, and shocking every decent man and woman by their evident desire to call attention to themselves. This evil it is, as much as the character of the performance, that bars those places of entertainment for young girls. The French sound their own condemnation when they declare that there are only two or three theatres where their maidens can go; and at these they are driven in like sheep before a chaperon, and hustled out again.

But one learns to avoid seeing the worst of

Sight-seeing

the daily scenes, remembering that we, too, have our "worsts," and that Paris presents for every unpleasing spectacle at least ten that are inspiring and delightful. •

Galleries and Museums

It is in keeping with the hints in this hint-manual not to insist upon a regular system of collection-gazing, when time is limited, or if the travellers have real tastes for different sorts of things. The exterior of the Palace of the Louvre is far more valuable than the contents, if they breed weariness of spirit, and perhaps even temper in the unwilling examiner. There is no reason why the whole world should be driven to pictures, and told to love them, when it has had no preparation for such affection.

Still, there are many who would be afraid to go home if they had neglected the conventional sights about which they are sure to be asked. There are others who come to Europe, like Stockton's hero, simply to talk about what they have seen when they get home; and then there are always those who from choice and ardent ambition come to study and select.

Art-students do not, of course, depend on chance suggestions for their direction; but many, who are not more than desultory seek-

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The Louvre from the Place du Carrousel

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1

Galleries and Museums

ers for beauty, need only a few points to show them where to begin looking.

First of all, the museums and picture and sculpture galleries of Paris are the Louvre collections. These are so voluminous as to require many weeks and months for their fair seeing, merely. It is ridiculous to try to dash through them, or half of them, in a hurry. The only way is to look over a catalogue or description before starting, and make up one's mind which department to visit first. If one wants simply to get a general idea of the building, and make up his mind later, a good plan is to walk over the palace, omitting the pictures altogether the first time.

But few persons can resist going to a gallery just for a glimpse. Then it would be much better to find the square hall where the so-called masterpieces of the collection are placed. Fancy will reject some, and substitute others from the other rooms later.

A long hall of ancient Greek statues leads one to the famous stairway "Daru," on the largest landing of which stands, or blows, the Winged Victory of Samothrace, taking the

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beholder with it back to Samothracian seas. Passing that striking figure, of which one scarcely misses the head, a corridor-like apartment, containing a few paintings, but mostly photographs for sale, leads to the Salon Carré. And no one who enters that enchanted room will wish to leave it for the rest of the morning or afternoon, or whatever division of the day he is taking for a first visit to the Louvre. Is it worth while to mention half a dozen of the pictures in the square hall, which contains the gems of the collection? Almost the first look reveals the familiar face of the "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci; familiar, and yet strange; for the photographs one has had or seen fail to give the depth of the smile or the mysterious lurk in the eyes. Another unmistakable Leonardo appears at the other side of the room. One hardly knows whether to go to it at once or to wait for it to come in order. But the first seeing of all these wonders is necessarily a little confusing.

The pictures one has known through the far-reaching photograph are usually the most

Galleries and Museums

fascinating for a few minutes. Van Dyck's Charles I., old friend of everybody, catches the eye; then the celebrated "young man" of Raphael, which hangs in every child's bedroom; Claude de Lorraine's landscape, which you knew by name, if not by actual sight, many years. Veronese's "Marriage in Cana," with its portraits of Francis I. and Anne of Austria, cannot very well escape notice in its hugeness. Titian's mistress is another of the favourites. Poussin is not so well known by the simple observer, for we are supposing no particular knowledge of pictures. But there are Rembrandts and Gerard Douw's masterpiece, and the Murillo, which many madly admire. The square room has a world to offer.

This is but a feeble introduction, however, to the rooms, apartments, and halls given up to schools of painting, to sculpture, archæology, collections of pottery, enamels, reliquaries, cabinets, vestments of all ages, gold and jewels. It takes two hours, somebody has computed, to walk through the collections of the Louvre, without stopping to examine a

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single object. It takes years to become really familiar with the treasures.

If one has a special desire to gratify, it is better to look the catalogue carefully over before going at all to the Louvre. But if one is in doubt, or has no great particular craving for any one form of art, a desultory, drifting manner of going about is the most delightful. It takes more time; but the brisk, business-like way of chopping sights into sections may put the sight-seer through a course of jewels, when he feels like sarcophagi and *vice versa*.

Next to the Louvre comes the gallery of the Luxembourg in point of interest, usually; and there need be no directions given for visiting that. The gardens of the Luxembourg, full of the Parisian public, are congenial spots of a summer afternoon for the student of types; and in the gallery one feels among friends. The Luxembourg is for the works of living artists. However, it takes the committee about as long to hear of a death as it is supposed to require for the knowledge of the fall of a star to reach the earth. There are several artists represented still in the Luxem-

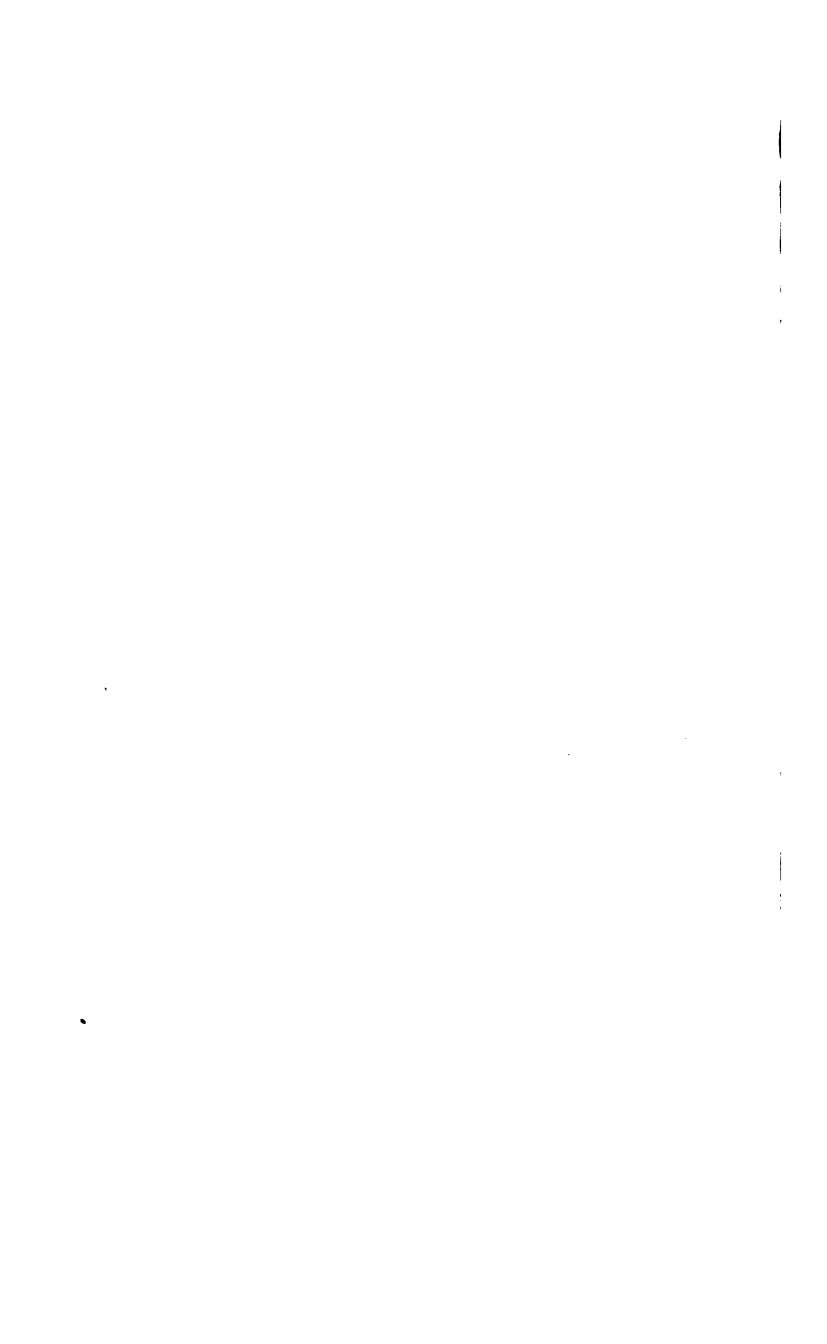
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The Luxembourg



Cluny



Galleries and Museums

bourg who have not died even recently. Rosa Bonheur has not been dead a year, it is true; but Marie Bashkirtseff has not been living for a good many, nor has Bastien-Lepage, nor have many others still left among the quick in the list.

Monet, and Manet, and Degas, and Sargent and Whistler, and modern sculptors whose names are as familiar to Americans,— Rodin and Barthélémy and Gérôme — are to be seen in the Luxembourg. There are a good many Americans; those mentioned and J. M. Hamilton, and Gari Melchers, and Mary Cassatt. Sargent's "Carmencita" and Whistler's portrait of his mother are side by side.

Versailles furnishes the picture galleries third in size, the Napoleon portraits and battle-pieces and court-scenes in those superb apartments giving many tourists far more pleasure than the classics in the Louvre. Certainly, the paint is fresher. At Versailles there is more chance to study French history of fascinating periods from object-lessons.

The Musée de Cluny is compact enough to be done, although not with thoroughness, in

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one long morning. In the Cluny, whose exterior is romantic and beautiful, wonderful carving will be seen,—whole altars and chancels and detached pieces; tapestries, stretching over wall after wall; collections of enamels and engraved glass; and a whole history in Jewish ecclesiastical garments and vessels. Illuminated parchments and rare embroideries and laces fill many rooms. There is an air of comfort blended with history about the rooms; for enormous logs blaze under grand Gothic chimney-pieces taken from mediæval castles, when visitors need fires. Even the pokers and tongs are objects of ancient art.

The Musée Carnavalet is a purely French collection, representing as it does the history of the French capital. Tapestries, skeletons, relics of the Revolution, medallions, miniatures form a chronological sequence to study. The building itself is named from a lady who once owned it; but as Madame de Sévigné lived in it for eighteen years, it would be more appropriately called after her.

Easy to reach, and very comfortable when

Galleries and Museums

one has reached it, is the Musée de Galliéra, in the Avenue du Trocadéro, or rather in the Rue Pierre Charron ; for the entrance is in that street. The garden and what looks like the front are in the Avenue du Trocadéro, ornamenting that thoroughfare as well as giving its inhabitants air and space. There is not the collection the Duchesse de Galliéra, who built the museum, intended to give to the city of Paris ; for Genoa has got most of it instead. But there are some good statues, and there is some fine tapestry.

The Trocadéro itself has collections of casts and all kinds of ethnological displays.

Then the Musée de Guimet, in the same quarter, and very near the Trocadéro, possesses rich exhibits of the religions of India and China ; also, superb Oriental pottery and antiquities. That, too, is so situated that it is pleasantly accessible, being at the corner of the lovely Avenue d'Jéna, just where it intersects that of the Trocadéro.

No one is likely to forget the soldiers' museum in the Hôtel des Invalides, more inspiring to men than any or all of the others.

A Woman's Paris

Besides the various museums in Paris of technical and special scientific interest, and the great galleries and the smaller galleries, and the private collections often open to the public, there are seven or eight wax-work show-places. The dweller in Paris, tourist, or curiosity seeker, is hard to please, indeed, who cannot find an amusing or instructive spot in which to spend his days, when the weather prohibits out-of-door exercise.

It may not be out of place to mention, in connection with this subject, the numerous ateliers where celebrated artists criticise the work of the students once or twice a week, according to contract. Usually, these studios are taken by *concierges* — past models, often — and landladies, who get up the classes and engage the masters. One man often has many under his charge. They are visited by the public, and are among the sights of Paris.



The Trocadéro



A Parisian Atelier

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Churches

SIGHT-SEEING in a church during service-time, Sundays, or holy days, is an abomination to the Lord and an insult to one's devoutly inclined fellow-men. To go to a religious ceremonial to stare about or read in an irreverent guide-book is, it is a sorrow to state, a favourite employment for the English and the American tourist. It has created a prejudice against him that it will take years of amendment to efface.

It is not that there are not hours for examining frescos and naves and windows of cathedrals, and for reading all the tablets. The church authorities are glad of the fees of sight-seers, too. Every day one may be shown about any Paris church by a guide, or, better still, be left to guide himself about. But at service-times the ecclesiastics reserve their simple privilege of conducting their rite without whisperings and stalkings around of strangers. The stranger is usually the sufferer, and finds it the best policy to subside after one warning. The beadle at the Madeleine goes to the length of waving visitors to

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their knees at the holy moments. Considering that the visitors have paid for their seats, this seems a trifle arbitrary; but a long course of strange groups of curiosity-seekers has made the officials grim and uncompromising. And nothing is to be got by remonstrating.

Many persons become Roman Catholics from visiting the impressive ceremonial and devout of the French churches, as well as those of Rome. Everybody is struck, sooner or later, by the love the people bear their Church, whether they live up to her teachings or not. Worship is a spontaneous act, and no one hears a Catholic complaining that he does not want to go to church. The places are crowded, therefore; and on great festivals it is difficult to get inside a church.

Notre Dame des Victoires is the first church visited by sight-seers, as a rule. Its eventful history and the changes, characteristically French, that have taken place in its uses even, have caused it to be strikingly famous. Ordered to be destroyed during the Revolution, the order was modified to mutilation.

It afterward became a kind of infidel



Cathedral of Notre Dame

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Churches.

temple, dedicated to Liberty and defying religion. Restored to its original sacred purpose, the Commune saw it become a *dépôt* for military stores. Having escaped fire and sword, the old cathedral is again devoted to Christian worship.

Without spires, the architecture of Notre Dame may be considered unimposing; but few would care to see a change, even for improvement, in the familiar squat shapes. One would as soon see two steeples crowning the towers of Strasbourg! Notre Dame is identified with square tops and the little toothpick in the middle, which might, however, with great joy be spared. For services Notre Dame has good music Sunday morning, but inferior to that of St. Roch or the Madeleine.

The Panthéon is not now a church, although it has had almost as many minds about its mission as Notre Dame. Once a chapel, dedicated to Sainte Geneviève and bearing that name, the chapel was succeeded by a church; and the church tumbled to pieces. Another having risen from the other's remains, that was turned into a temple called the

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Panthéon. Being again a sacred edifice, the Panthéon was then turned into a temple. It was also headquarters of the insurgents during the Commune, and once again became a church. When Victor Hugo was buried fifteen years ago, the Panthéon was perverted from religious use. It is empty of ecclesiastical furniture, naturally; but many pictures illustrating its ancient patron saint still adorn (and otherwise) its walls. For the crypt it is necessary to get a permit from the Beaux-Arts management in the Palais Royal, and that is the only part very interesting to see.

La Madeleine is the fullest and most fashionable of all the churches of Paris. Easily accessible, roomy, and exquisite, it also affords a sensation of solemnity to the most hardened foreigner. Vespers, with the setting sun shining through its open doors just as service is done, the candles on the high altar glimmering from the depths of the chancel, is a memory to be cherished.

St. Roch is noted for its Sunday morning service, or rather for the singing at that time.

St. Denis, Gothic and perfect of its type,

Churches

calls for a trip rather tiresome except in summer, when one can go pleasantly on the top of a tram which starts from the Madeleine.

These are only a few of the many French churches that travellers are always called upon to visit. The formal guides give the history of every one, and call attention to their beauties in detail. Among them, of course, is the Church of the Invalids, or crippled soldiers, under whose dome Napoleon rests.

Everybody ought to go to the little Russian (Greek) church in the Rue Daru, off the Avenue Wagram, which is one of the Étoile avenues. It is a tiny place (a chapel, really), and from having no pews nor fixed seats of any kind looking more like a room in a museum or gallery than a church. And, indeed, except for ecclesiastical signs and a perforated and curtained rood-screen, resembling a door, that cuts off the inner altar, one would not believe the place to be one of public worship. But that is out of service time. When the reverent parishioners arrive, and the invisible (and unaccompanied) choir is booming barbaric Gregorian, and the priest

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is intoning his antiphonal verses, the incense is pouring forth, and the congregation is genuflecting as one man or genuflector,—above all, when the holy of holies is opened out—then there are no more churchly sights nor sounds than in the “drawing-room” in the Rue Daru.

There is the regular Greek church, too, in the Rue St. Julien-le-Pauvre, where the music is grand, and where the weddings, christenings, and other rites are seen by strangers with great delight. The pageantry is magnificent, often.

The American church, Holy Trinity, in the Avenue de l'Alma, is popular with those Americans who are not lured from simple forms by the superior sensuous attractions of the foreign churches. These number well, however; and there is a large congregation at the Trinity. In the Rue de Berri is the Dissenters' church or chapel, as the others call it. There are English, Catholic, and Protestant places of worship; and there are Scotch, Presbyterian, and Mission churches, where either English or French may be heard. The

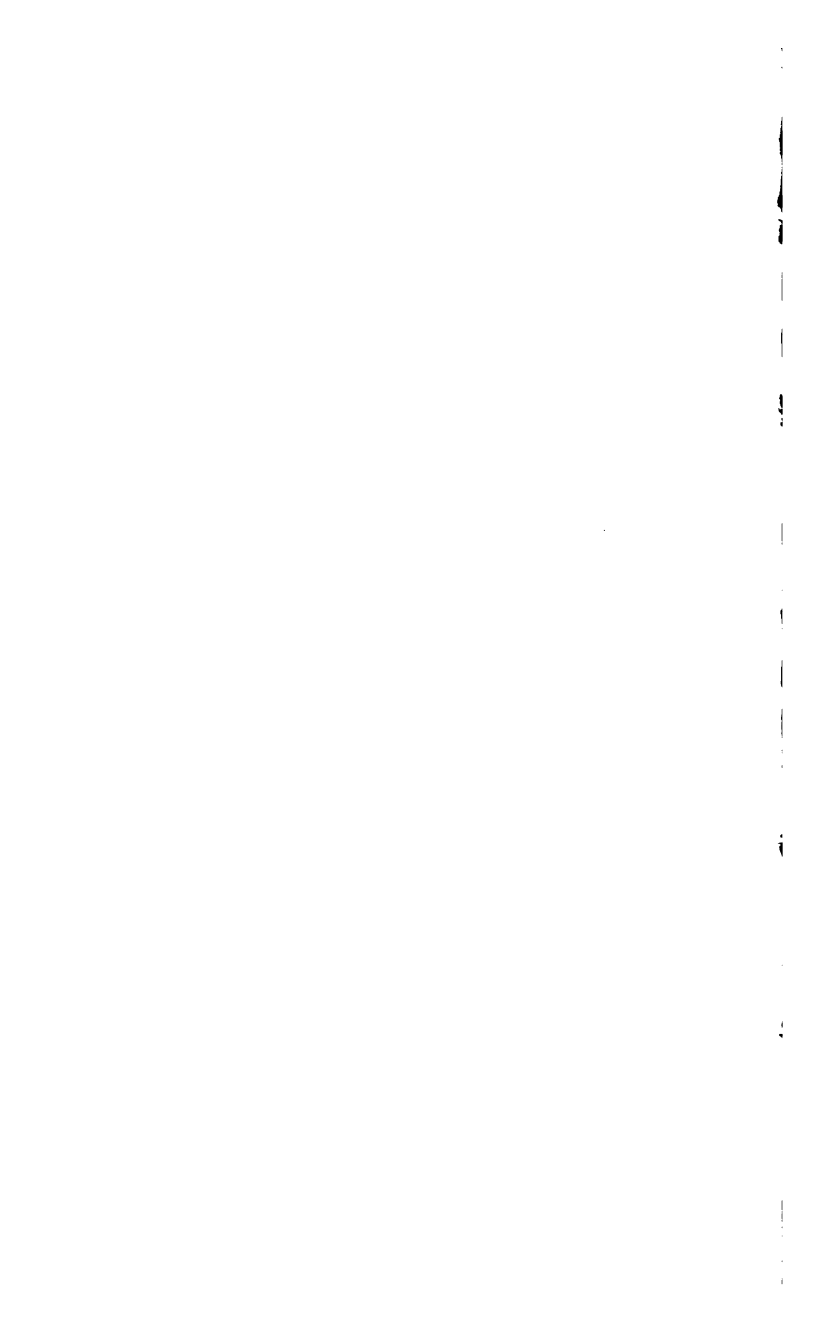
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American Church



The Madeleine



Churches

American and English communities have fought immorality as permitted among the young in French parishes, although, of course, not sanctioned; and the amount of good done has been enormous. There are guilds and societies to which American ladies domesticating themselves in Paris often like to belong.

Americans are advised to keep their sight-seeing and their worship separate.

Theatre-going

ONE cannot imagine the severest Puritan abstaining from the theatres in Paris ; that is, if one can imagine a Puritan in Paris at all. Sunday theatre-going is so universal, too, that hundreds, who looked upon that as one of the excesses to which they would never permit themselves to be led, go quite calmly and without a pang. It is a choice between the theatre and the races.

In Paris the playwright is looked upon as a greater man than he who has made a fortune in buttons, even at wholesale. Omnibus-drivers know about Molière ; and the *coiffeur* can tell one all about the latest play by Lavedan. With such understanding and appreciation, then, on the part of the common people, it is easy to see how the theatres are kept up to the mark, and that no slack work is tolerated.

The Puritan will find much that is shocking at the French theatres. There is hardly a play that does not harp on a delicate subject, treated indelicately. The greatest successes of the year have been "La Dame de chez

Theatre-going

Maxim " and " Le Vieux Marcheur," both of which are not only immoral, but cheaply vulgar. " Coralie et Cie.," another piece which is having a great run, is also hopeless as regards the elevation of the French stage or of man or of woman. The difference between French badness and ours is what saves theirs. The worst pieces are usually the wittiest, and they are done to perfection.

In mentioning the theatres of Paris, the proud Parisian will tell you first of the Français and the Odéon and the Gymnase; of the two operas, Grand and Comique, where the performances are classic; of the Porte St. Martin, where Coquelin and Jane Hading act; and of the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt. But he will spend his evenings at the Nouveautés and the Folies-Bergères and the Marigny, while his wife and children sit demurely at the Français or at the Opéra, or stay at home. Even at the theatres it is necessary to select carefully; for the Théâtre Français has given some terrible things lately, like " Le Torrent " and " Les Dégenérés," pieces which would contaminate an unsophis-

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ticated mind. The trouble with Paris is that seeing all these plays so lightly regarded, one is apt to become callous. But every one can remember his horror the first time he saw one of the "innocent" plays at the Gymnase, perhaps. The point of view is entirely Latin.

The two opera houses, Grand and Comique, are unexceptionable. A man can take his grandmother and his youngest daughter, and feel perfectly at home. The Théâtre Français or Comédie Française — note the difference in genders — has to be watched; while the Odéon and Gymnase will take a good deal of watching.

The Antoine is a favourite theatre for students of French and of the advanced drama; also, for those who have to look twice at their pocket-books, because the prices are so low. Three francs will buy the most expensive seat at the Théâtre Antoine, where the French is pure and the acting perfect. The play is not always so pure as the accent; but again, there are harmless pieces put on. Ibsen, for whose plays the theatre was started by Antoine, and christened "Théâtre Libre," is much repre-

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Théâtre Français



Grand Opera House



Theatre-going

sented still. Not being a government institution, it is hard to get authentic published news of the Antoine; but it is a place not to skip in a tour of Paris.

Particular French ladies do not go to the *cafés chantants*, possibly because it is embarrassing to meet their husbands, fathers, and sons there. Americans go a great deal. This tendency has had much to do with the French opinion of American women; namely, that they are all fast. It is a question for Americans to decide for themselves. They usually decide by going to places they would not be seen in at home. At the Ambassadeurs, where one dines on a terrace while the performance goes on on the stage, at the Jardin de Paris, where the company is of the most mixed description, at worse resorts, American women are to be seen. At the Folies-Bergères and the Folies-Marigny, and at the Olympia and many other vaudeville shows, the performers are apt to be American, too. At the Nouveau Cirque, Footit and Chocolat, the famous pair of clowns, are from the United States,—at least one of them is; and Loie Fuller is American. The trainers of

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seals and elephants and dogs are still speaking English without a French accent; and, as for the singers at the opera, an American every now and then makes a successful *début*.

Now about particular American women in Paris,—women without men friends to tell them or to take them. Frankly, they will be shocked almost anywhere at first, except at the opera or at the classic plays. But they will get used to it, and they will not be shocked any more. They can go anywhere alone nowadays; for things have changed very much in Paris, and the customs of the English and the Americans have modified the French criticisms, as their numbers have intimidated the *boulevardier*. One lady can even go to the best theatres, if she is quiet in her dress, and is careful not to loiter nor stroll in the foyers. People in Paris have begun to discriminate between the two kinds of lone ladies. But of course it is very forlorn to be alone at the theatre, for a woman, and particularly through the long *entr'actes*.

Those *entr'actes*! If there is a large party in a box, they are bearable. Somebody is

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always thirsty, and there are opportunities for walking and chatting. But if the same two persons go together who have been together the entire day, waiting twenty minutes to half an hour between each two acts is an intolerable nuisance. It spins the performance out to boring length, too. The cafés are kept open all night, it is true; and no one is expected to get up early in the morning. But what if there is no one to take you to a café, and you may not care to avail yourself of a privilege which is not a privilege to you? The French intermission is an abomination.

Other primitive usages annoy the modern play-goer in Paris. That pounding, as if carpenters were putting the finishing touches, or bangs, rather, to the scenery! It does not call the people back to their seats like a bell, if they are outside, because it is a dull, unresonant noise which does not reach. It is simply a survival, and has no other excuse. There is another one of these nuisances,—the *claque*!

At most of the theatres the *parterre*, or pit, is reserved for the *claque*, or *chevaliers du*

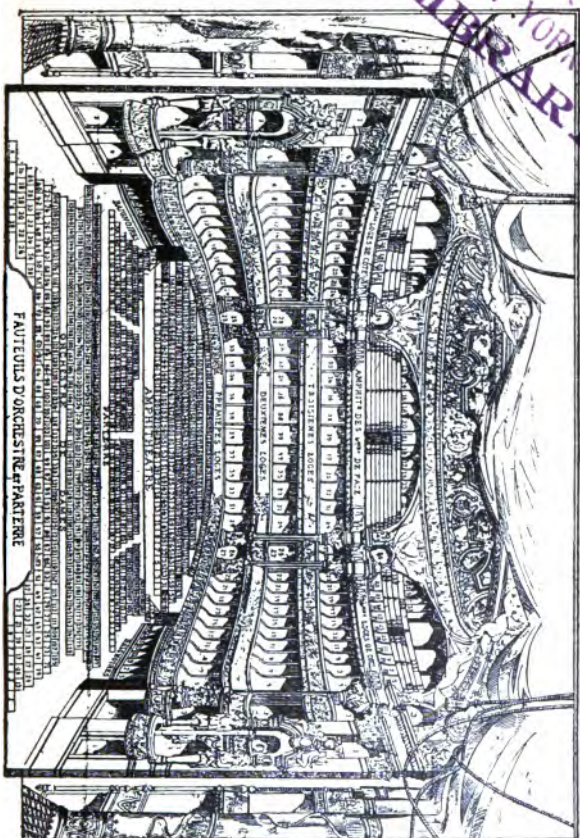
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lustre, as they used to be called, from their places under the chandelier. They are paid for applauding, which they proceed to do at most inopportune moments; and often the audience proper (and properly) is displeased just as the *claque* burst into spontaneous manifestations of delight. There is a difference in *clagues*, and occasionally one will be met that claps a remover of chairs or other "thinking" part. It is usually the new star that gets wild and irrelevant applause, however. The *claque* is as inevitable a nuisance as the pounding or the *ouvreuse*.

Another annoyance at the Paris theatres is the imposition practised on those who have bought end seats in advance by selling extra end seats called *strapontins*. These are attached to the real end places, making them thus inside places; and if the occupier of the *strapontin* is a fat man, who finds the seat insufficient to contain him, he can easily loll over the regular seat next him. The result is infuriation for a whole evening.

As it is hard to get correct information at the box offices about the seeing qualities of

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Plan of Seats in Grand Opera House



Theatre-going

seats, it is a safer plan until one gets familiar with the places to take an old hand with one when getting seats for a play. The boxes have a way of obscuring certain parts of the horseshoe; and these little idiosyncrasies are not down on the printed plan. One may be cheated, therefore. Unless there is an unusual run on a particular piece, securing place beforehand, called *location*, is not important, and costs 2 francs at least more than the regular price. If bought at certain offices, it costs anything the wily seller thinks he can mulct you in. By going a little before the hour, this extra tariff may be saved. But in unusual popularity of pieces it is recommended to locate, as otherwise there may be a long wait in a tail stretching round into the next street, when one arrives in the evening. It is a good way, if getting seats in advance, to send a *chasseur*, if one is in a hotel, a maid, if one is keeping house, to buy them. It costs a franc to do it in the former case, but the franc is well bestowed.

The theatre hat, a feature of dress obsolete in America since the regulations forbidding it

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came in, is as important in Paris as ever, and especially as the fashion of going to restaurants without hats is not common there. Low dresses with hats, instituted by the *demi-monde*, are now affected a little by the great ladies. The theatre toilette is, however, the high light gown, with tulle or flower hat; for the opera, full evening toilette, *décolleté*, with no hat. The universal English custom of "dressing" for the ordinary evening out is unknown in Paris. The lady who drives about bare-headed after dark, no matter where she is going, is looked upon with awe and amazement by the average Parisian.

A long wrap is a necessity in Paris for going about in the evenings, up to midsummer; for the warm evenings are apt to be damp. If it is of light cloth, it is most useful, because it can be lined in the winter. But a cloak of fur or thick stuff for winter, and one of thin cloth for summer, are really almost imperative for theatre-going. The belaced and befurbeled *sorties du bal* are only handsome when perfectly fresh, and they cost a large fortune to buy and a small one to keep in order. A

Theatre-going

light dress of veiling or of thin wool is excellent for the theatre, and is more utilitarian, really, than one of those half-and-half costumes of dark foulard many travelling ladies keep for evenings, with the idea that they are the most useful kind. They never look quite the thing, if the truth were told, in these days of light toilettes, and are not sufficiently gay to make the wearer in accord with the spirit of a Paris evening. White gloves are so universally worn and are so cheap in Paris that there is no excuse for failing to meet that requirement. A stock of them can be laid in for less than \$5.

There are few theatres in which a lady would not be appropriately dressed in a pale grey gown of thin material, with a lace or chiffon hat and white gloves, provided also with a long wrap of grey cloth. A well-made and very presentable hat can be got at some of the milliners for 20 francs, or \$4. So there is no reason why an extra hat, kept expressly for the evening, should be thought an extravagance. These hints, as may be seen, are purposely intended to encourage the

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very slender of purse; for it is easy to expand and not so easy to contract one's expenditures. A costume may be got for \$65, which includes the gown, hat, and wrap; and it can be perfectly presentable anywhere in Paris at those terms. Paris is cheap, when you know.

Matinées are, of course, the most economical entertainments in point of dress and conveyance, as one can go in a tram or walk, and in a morning toilette. But for persons with limited time it seems a pity to spend a fine afternoon, from half-past one till five, within stuffy walls, losing a drive, a walk, or tea at one of the places all Paris frequents.

Concerts of a classic order are given all winter in the Châtelet and in the Place de la République. Lamoureux, one of the most celebrated conductors, died in December. Saint-Saëns, who lives fitfully in Paris, often plays his own compositions; and the great artists of Europe assist. The orchestras sometimes fall into perfunctoriness through having so little fuss made about them; but perfection

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is expected by the critics, when they wake up to noticing them much.

At the Grand Opéra one has sometimes — through special favour — a chance to sit in a box which is regularly on the stage, and shut off with it when the curtain goes down. This gives the opportunity of watching the grouping and the stage people themselves, before they are conscious of the audience. In one of these boxes the organ is played and the calcium lights are worked. The occupant has a view of auditorium and of stage both during and between acts.

Midnight is the usual time of getting out at the theatres. When "Tristan and Isolde" was given, the performance began at a quarter to seven and lasted until a quarter after one. The entr'actes cannot be cut, no matter how long the piece. American audiences, for all their vaunted patience, would never stand that.

Supper parties after the plays and operas make the hour a late one at which the exhausted play or opera goer falls in at his door.

Prices at the government theatres are fixed

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by government; but in order to insure protection against fraud, it is necessary to buy the tickets at the office in the theatre. Speculators and small ticket-booths charge enormous gratuities; and for first nights it is difficult to find the ordinary rates, even at the *bureaux* themselves.

At the Grand Opéra great care must be employed in choosing seats. Many of the boxes that hold four, even six, are available for two exactly to see, the back seats being absolutely of no use in that regard. A lady can go to any part of the Grand Opéra House with propriety, and go alone; but she cannot see from every part. An orchestra chair is best, if she can pay 14 francs (or \$2.80) for it. But after experience she may be able to see and hear perfectly for two francs. The plans, from which one who has not learned may select a beautiful point of view, are flattering to some of the balcony seats and boxes which are in reality completely cut off by the stage boxes. But in the plan every seat in the house is in direct line of the scene. The diagram reproduced shows the general con-

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struction of a Paris theatre, however, and may prove interesting. The prices in the list underneath are usually accurate.

At the Français, orchestra stalls cost 7 francs, while *fauteuls de balcon*, which French women prefer, are held at 10,—that is, in the first row; at 8 in the other rows. These are the ordinary theatre prices. At the Antoine, as has been mentioned, prices are far below those of the government theatres. There is no music, and the place is rather bare. It is, nevertheless, perfectly comfortable, and the performance unexceptional in excellence, Antoine being considered by many the best actor in Paris, the Coquelins not left out.

At the various *cirques* the average price for a good seat is 2 to 3 francs; and at the vaudevilles, like the Folies-Bergères, it runs from 2 to 6 francs, according to place. The *cafés-concerts*, like the Ambassadeurs, charge ostensibly no admission; but the visitor, on this account, is liable for more than at an ordinary fixed-price theatre. He has to order drinks and ices, at least; and there are innumerable

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fees. Ladies ought positively not to go unattended to these last places.

An exception to the rule prohibiting French ladies of distinction from frequenting the usual run of vaudeville is made in the case of the most offensive of all; and that is the Tréteaux de Tabarin, in the Montmartre quarter. Titled ladies are seen at this resort, accompanied by gentlemen, with whom they laugh and chat gayly over songs, recitations, and acting which make decent American women shudder.

Streets and Squares

CONTRAST is the spice and charm of Paris's laying out. To turn from the breadth of the finest avenue in the world to a crooked, hig-gledy-piggledy, corkscrewing street is possible; and the starlike tendency of the modern French landscapist, which makes one street run divergently away from the next, so that there are no short cuts, adds another horror to the task of finding one's way about.

In the new parts of Paris there are no narrow lanes. But in the old quarters, and on the left bank, one runs continually against a jutting elbow. Picturesque as the sudden turns are, they must not be tried in a hurry, else one is lost.

Then the practice of naming a street anew every few steps is baffling to foreigners. The Rue d'Antin was something else a minute ago, and will be something still else another minute farther on. Louis le Grand emerges unexpectedly Louis le Grand after having turned several corners; for it is the unexpected that happens in street names in Paris, for fear (otherwise), counting on an ordinary pro-

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cedure, that you would find your way. The Grand Boulevard is, perhaps, the most flagrant instance of a change of nomenclature; and the numbering of houses is hopeless. Occasionally the numbers go up on one side and down on the other. Often they run as they do with us at home, odds and evens opposite. They take a freak, when things seem too simple, of repeating themselves with the explanatory particle *bis*, or without it; and thus, sometimes, the weary searcher after 36 finds himself stopping before a whole row of 36es. As he does not see the row stretched out before him, however, at first, and as he probably goes away disgusted after finding that 36 is a grocer's instead of the boot-shop he was seeking, it is a matter of time and patience wasted. Number 15 is ten doors away from number 13 in one street of Paris, where the odd numbers run in a line. And empty spaces count nothing. So 14 may extend for five house lots and three gardens on the street, 16 being a quarter of a mile long.

Directions from French people one meets are either wilfully wrong or they don't know.

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À gauche usually means straight ahead or to the right. The favourite formula is "*À droit, à gauche, le premier droit*," whatever that may mean. Nobody ever found out anything from a French direction who did not know it before or who was not a Frenchman.

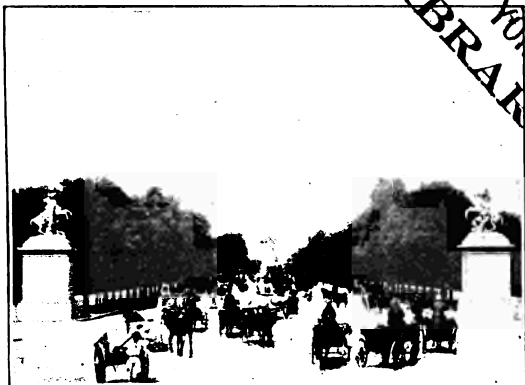
The Avenue des Champs-Élysées, to give it its full title, is the most perfect thoroughfare in the world. And this is not to disparage Unter den Linden nor Euclid Avenue, nor any other city's pride and boast. It is a park as well as a street, this grand avenue, and a playground for children and a circus. Beginning at the Place de la Concorde, which forms its splendid inauguration, and ending at the Arc de Triomphe, its glorious *dénouement*, where it coruscates into twelve fine avenues in stellar form, the Champs-Élysées is never less than three hundred feet wide; and it stretches in unbroken vista for a mile and three-quarters. Besides being a thronged drive all day long every day in the year, there are times in the season when, from the pressure upon it, the earth gives way under the strain. A subterranean road has riddled

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its foundations, also; and there is no pavement strong enough to stand the eternal wear of vehicles. For not merely pleasure carriages, but huge omnibuses and great drays, are carried over the Elysian Fields, and are not interdicted.

On each side stretch away gardens; and for children are booths in the shrubberies, with all the toys and sweets and horrible drinks that children love, including licorice water, of which gallons are sold in summer. Punch and Judy shows are frequent, and swings and other amusements. Then there are theatres and *cafés chantants*, whose shows are usually out of keeping with the sweetness of the surroundings. The famous Jardin de Paris is in the Champs-Élysées, and so are the Café des Ambassadeurs, and Alcazar d'Été, and Folies-Marigny theatre, and Cirque d'Été, and Paillard's restaurant, and Laurant's; and back of these last is the Élysée Palace, where the President lives. Latterly, too, the aspect of that portion of the Champs has been changed, glorified, indeed; for the old Palais de l'Industrie, grown hoary, but not

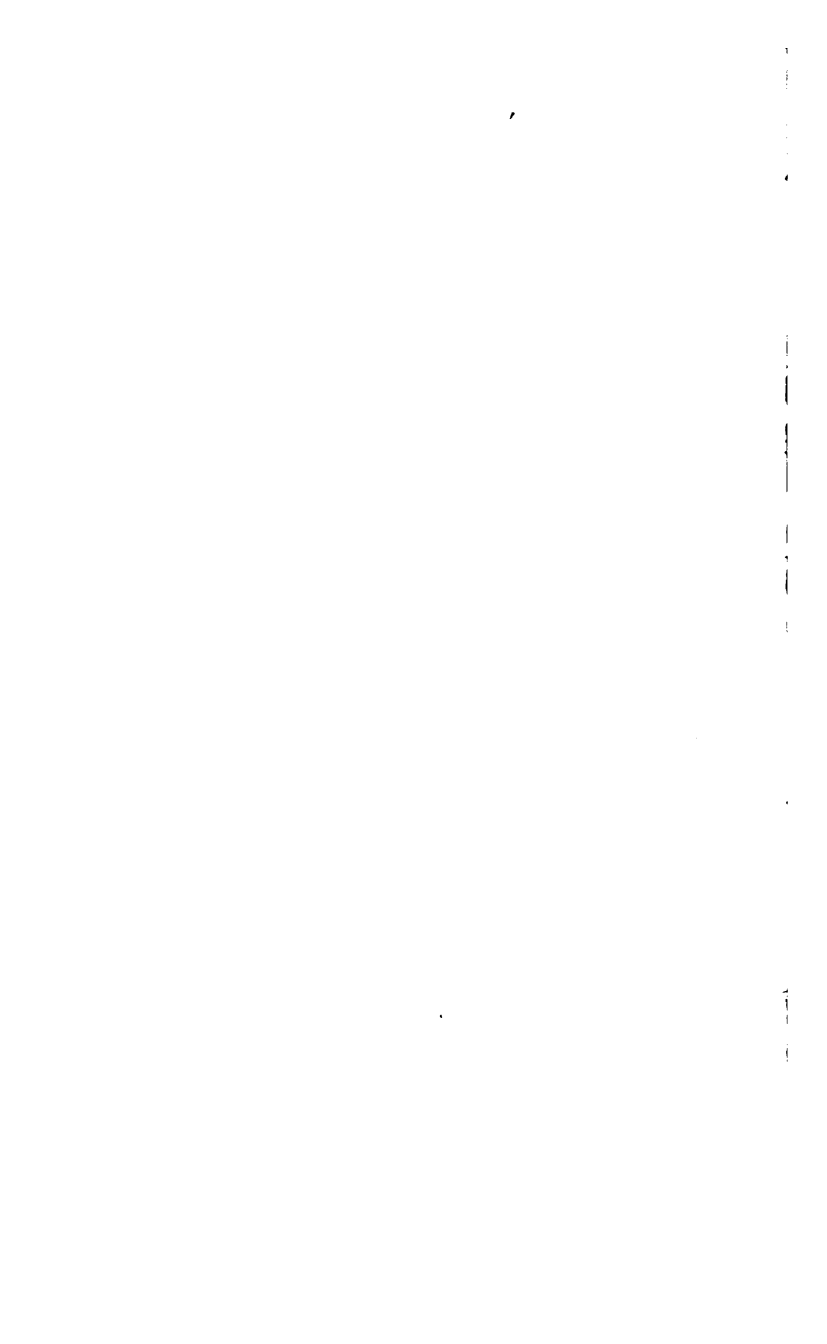
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Avenue des Champs-Élysées



Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile



Streets and Squares

dignified, has been torn down, revealing just back of its place the two new Palais des Beaux Arts, built under the inspiration of the Exposition of 1900, but not confined to the limits of that *fête* for their terms of life. Magnificent in outline and in detail, these two giants are architectural monuments of the growth of Paris monumentally, even when her governmental institutions were rudely shaken, when the people were as to a man against the government, and when decay in so many branches of the spiritual fields was evident. Behind in knowledge of the outer world, in the progress of man as a being intended to serve his race, deplorably back of the ages in the giving of privileges, recognition, or even common brute protection to women, the French nation, in the arts and in medicine, and in the sciences that appeal to certain artistic and mental qualities, is untouchable by the rest of the world at the end of the century. In some sciences — in telephony, in telegraphy, in news-getting and expanding, in industries requiring push and nerve — the French are laughably (or cryably) in the stone ages.

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Look, then, at these superb buildings, decorated with statues denoting thought as well as technique on the parts of their makers. Look at the noble vista sweeping from the President's palace, through gates in themselves monumental, over the broadest and, many think, the most beautiful bridge in the world, to the shrine of the greatest conqueror; for, after the Pont Alexandre III., with its gold Pegasi and its effigies in stone and its symmetrical arch is passed, the way leads by the Esplanade des Invalides to the gate of the hospital and church whose dome shadows Napoleon's remains. When the temporary rows of World's Fair structures are erased, the Esplanade will be a breathing-space for the Paris people, so rich already in open-air parks and so prone to catch cold. What a nation of contradictions it is!

This is a wide digression from a broad avenue, but this portion of the Champs-Élysées is going to be a wonder for the world for years. Old residents stand amazed before the change: new-comers are petrified at its grandeur.

Streets and Squares

Beyond, the avenue spreads out into the Rond Point des Champs-Élysées, where are many fountains and from which many streets and avenues diverge. The Avenues Montaigne and d'Antin take one to the Place de l'Alma or to the Place François Premier, the one a modern and the other an old part of Paris on the right bank. François' shade haunts the latter quarter; and on a corner, just off the place, is the exquisite little Renaissance house which the king built four hundred years ago for Diane de Poitiers or some other lady, and which is adorned with portrait medallions of the Navarres, and was brought stone by stone to its town installation about seventy-five years ago. Cours la Reine, on which it stands, used to be the "Mall" of Paris. Its name, Queen's Drive, indicates that it was a promenade; and so it continued till 1898, when a mischievous tram line was crowded into it to make room for the Fair on the river-bank. But they did not take the sun from the fronts of the houses, where it lies all day in winter. Even when it rains all winter, as it has been known to do in Paris, there is

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daylight in Cours la Reine while everywhere else are blackness and candlelight.

Leading from the Place de la Concorde, on the opposite side of this place from the Champs, is the Rue de Rivoli, with its continuous colonnade and its equally continuous row of magnificent buildings facing the Gardens of the Tuileries to the very Louvre. No street can rival this one in solid grandeur and in its open side, with the Tuileries Gardens for its lungs.

No other square or public place in the world is at once so beautiful, so noble, and so full of history as the Place de la Concorde. None is perhaps, either, so inappropriately named; for it recalls not peace, but violent death. On the spot where the Egyptian obelisk from Thebes stands, Marie Antoinette and Charlotte Corday and Louis XVI., and afterward the executioner himself, Robespierre,—2,800 persons in all,—met death under the guillotine of the Place of Peace! The German army occupied it after it had been rechristened, too; for it had borne many names before 1830. “Bleeding Strasbourg” has seen stormy scenes and some pathetic

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Place de la Concorde from Rue Royale



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ones before her statue, always disfigured by hideous mourning wreaths since the war; and during the Commune, riot and anarchy had one of their centres there. At the moment of writing, the principal entrance to the Exposition of 1900 is in process of erection at the corner of the place; but Paris is by no means peaceful internally. A dreary trial for royalist *complot* has just ended with the sympathy of an immense number against it and the government; and the Place de la Concorde may see discord of solid dimensions at almost any instant.

The Place de l'Étoile is not so historic; and it is not concrete enough to be treated as a complete square with an individuality, as is the Concorde. From it radiate, like a gigantic "star," twelve wide avenues; and it takes a lofty and somewhat distant view to get the star-effect, so mammoth are its proportions. On Sunday afternoons, after three in winter and five in summer, the square is positively packed with carriages and people walking; and it is dangerous to attempt to cross it without a policeman's help. The Arc de Tri-

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omphe (de l'Étoile) forms the objective point of a sight-seer's journey, and a staircase of an interminable length leads to a splendid view of Paris and the surrounding country.

Close by the Place de la Concorde the Place Vendôme, which would be magnificent anywhere else, connects the two great hotel and man-milliners' streets, the Rues de la Paix and de Castiglione. The Vendôme Place also now contains the Hôtel Ritz, as well as the older Bristol and Vendôme. In the Rue de Castiglione is the Hôtel Continental; and round the corner from that the Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli, and Hôtels Liverpool and Castiglione. The Rue de la Paix, at the other end of the Place Vendôme, contains, besides its wonderful jewellers' shops, — best and dearest in the world, — the establishments of Worth and Paquin and Doucet. The Rue de la Paix leads into the Boulevard at its grandest in the Place de l'Opéra, and the centre of all things Parisian is attained; for there is the Opera House, and there are the banks and the theatres and the commercial town. And everything then is of the Boulevard.

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The Boulevard takes a deal of watching. Hardly has one become used to its being "de la Madeleine" when it turns into "des Capucines"; scarcely that, before it is "des Italiens"; and then "Montmartre." After, "Boulevard de la Poissonnière" meets the eye on a sign-board, although the street has not turned; and then "des Bonnes Nouvelles"; and then "St. Denis" and "St. Martin"! And all the same street!

Ancient gates of the city, Porte St. Denis and Porte St. Martin, break the Boulevard later on. To go the entire length of the Boulevard on the top of an omnibus is a grand scheme, and a revelation. If you live in the Trocadéro quarter, as you probably do, take one at the Place de l'Alma for the Madeleine, getting a *correspondance*, or transfer, of the conductor (for nothing); then take a Bastille 'bus at the Madeleine.

The route of the first (the Madeleine) omnibus, through the Avenue Montaigne, gives a fine view of the Montmartre cathedral and its white bubbly domes. Then there is the drive from the Avenue Montaigne to the

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Place de la Concorde, with the uninterrupted view of the boundaries of the square : *Chambre des Députés* at one end, facing the *Madeleine*, which is at the other ; the river, running between the *Chambre* and the place ; and the *Rue de Rivoli*, with its mile of arcade in profile. It is just here, as the turning into the *Rue Royale* to the *Madeleine* is made, that the hotel of *Baron Alphonse de Rothschild* is a dingy palace enough on the outside, but occupying the most valuable residence lot in Paris, covering half an acre, and magnificent beyond description in regard to its inner appointments.

But this is all very beaten ground. These are the sights the merest shopper sees, perhaps you say. Looks at, not sees always, it is only fair to state. One has personally known many and many a tourist who never learned the faintest fact about the place passed every day, and who looked upon the *Champs-Élysées* as the way to the *Ritz* or as the site of *Paillard's* and *Laurant's* restaurants.

A square which is historic and interesting is the famous *Place Royale*, now become the *Place des Vosges*. The spot is reached from

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the Place de la Bastille, more historic yet, and is a good sight to combine with the Musée Carnavalet, from which it is not far. Aristocratic in appearance yet, with its red brick buildings and its colonnade surrounding its four sides, the quiet and *passée* place breathes a spirit of royalty, and is dignified in every flagstone and brick. Here is another of Madame de Sévigné's residences, and her birthplace; and here the house where Victor Hugo lived for thirty years. Rachel, the actress, also had an apartment at number six. In the middle of the square is a garden; and in the middle of that is a statue, equestrian, of Louis XIII. This, characteristically, was put up in 1829 to replace one of Richelieu, torn down. Hardly any statue in Paris that has been up long enough to be torn down escapes that fate.

The Place Royale was the dwelling-spot of royalty in the days of Louis III.; and Henry IV. built it, Catherine de' Medicis having demolished an old palace that stood in its place before it. Demolition and rebuilding,—these are the pastimes of the Parisians.

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But why go on? It is absurd when you think of it, and especially in a skeleton work of this kind, to attempt even to mention one's favourite streets. There are thousands, and it is a saying that one may be in Paris half a dozen years and come upon a brand-newly-discovered street every time one walks out.

The noble avenues and boulevards are, of course, not half as interesting, from the real saunterer's point of view, as the narrower and crookeder thoroughfares that cut up and hopelessly jumble the older parts of Paris. Almost every one is worth a stroll down its serpentine little length; almost every one shows some queer persons or wares. The shops display much rubbish, but they also have treasures for collectors and admirers of old-time silver and carving and china. The only difficulty is that each additional bibelot acquired means further worry in the custom-house in New York, and, perhaps, real trouble there.

Hôtel Drouot, just off the Boulevard where it leaves off being "des Italiens" and becomes "Montmartre," is the great auction place of Paris, where everybody's effects,

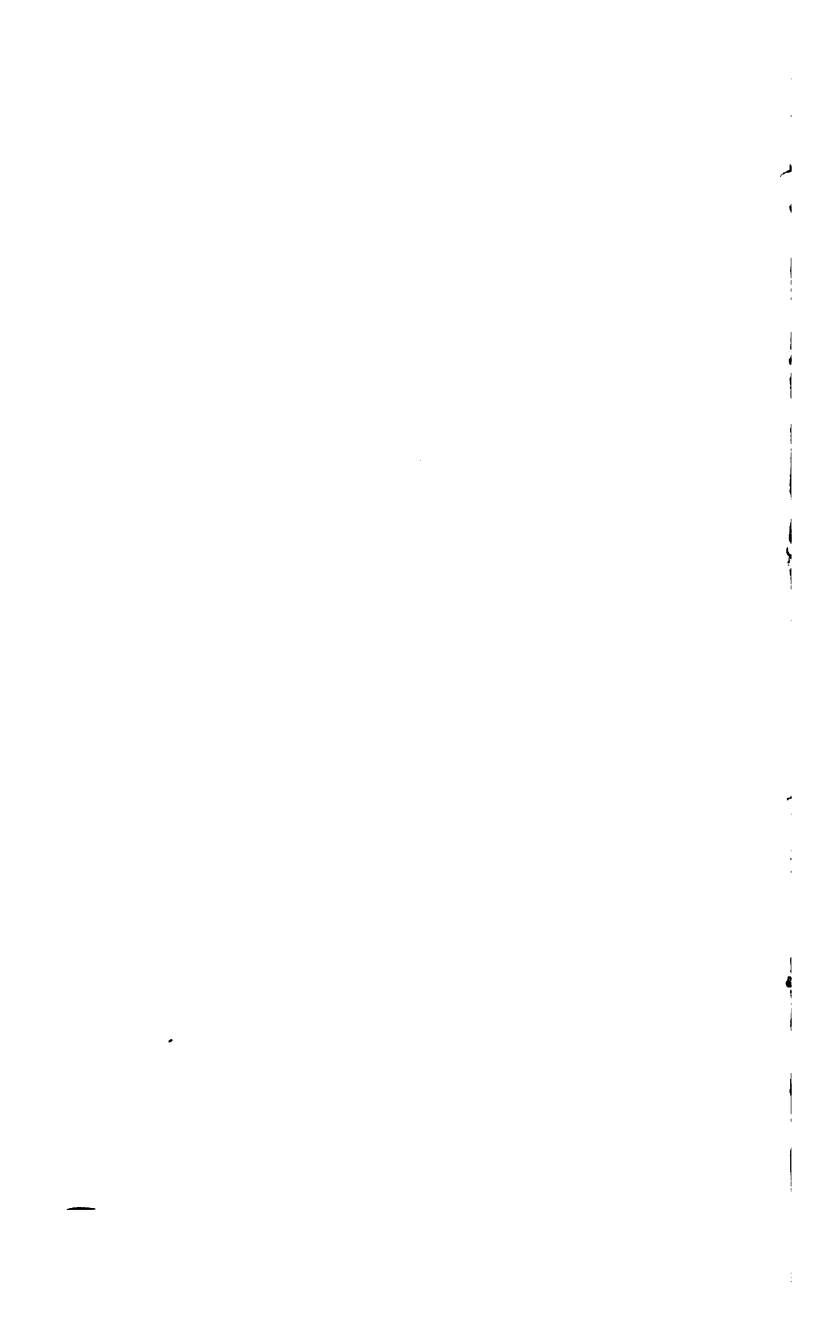
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Rue de la Paix and Vendôme Column



Rue de Rivoli



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sooner or later, come to be sold, if they are important effects. Gorgeous gems go for ridiculous sums here, often ; but one needs to know. Here Francisque Sarcey's books and furniture went for little last November.

The gallery of Georges Petit is another choice place to buy and sell paintings. The exhibitions there are sometimes signal, and comprise the works of the best modern painters, many of whom prefer to sell through Petit. The gallery also profits by the admission, which is 1 franc. It is a favourite resort of artists, connoisseurs, and those who wish to buy a modern French painting and become familiar with it at leisure before buying.

Rooms for the display and sale of old and new, and new to imitate old furniture are common in Paris, especially in the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter. The Boulevard St. Germain is also full of such shops ; and lately they have crept up along the Champs-Élysées, where they occupy old houses. As these last were formerly superb private palaces, the rooms themselves are worth the visiting.

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Every day brings forth a new place to **see**. Sometimes accident discloses a bit of **archi-** tecture, a picture, a collection, quite **unknown** to the guides or even to long dwellers **in** Paris.

It is cordially recommended to new-comers that they walk as much as possible about the interesting streets, and walk occasionally without any object except that of observing. A cab might be employed to get over the long and familiar distance, especially in hot weather; and then, having been set down somewhere in the middle of things, let the stranger stroll, taking in what comes. For instance, back of the Opera House is a network of streets of interesting shops. The Rue Chaussée d'Antin, itself full of quaint places, leads to quainter. In the Rue de Provence are the bargains in jewels and clothes. In the Rue de Rennes, on the other side of the river, are collections of antiquities worth hours of study. One man has three stories of crucifixes, principally ancient and in ivory, which he sells. Another makes a specialty of jewelled chalices and monstrants; and others

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let their respective tastes run away with them to the extent of fabulously rich stock, which it is hopeless to expect ever to be rid of. But each collector parts with his effects with sorrow.

Somewhere else here is a dealer in frames and panels and fragments of genuine Louis Quinze or Seize decoration. He imitates anything, too; but he will not take everybody into his back premises. For he, too, is a collector, and has a passion for his things, which no merely commercial or unlearned eye may look upon.

Then, of course, there is the whole left bank of the Seine, with its uncounted shops of valuable articles and trash, all jumbled together. And for steady and never-failing joy there are the rows of book-stalls along the borders of the Seine. Everything and anything, from a tattered song-book of no value to a priceless copy of a work out of print many years, may be found,—the priceless copy rarely, of course, and perhaps, to a connoisseur's thinking, never. But the value of a thing depends upon the collectors, often, in books; and many a

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strange whim has been gratified at these bewitching booths.

At Christmas and New Year's time the Boulevard, at its very fashionable centre and for its whole length, is allowed to be invaded by Cheap Jacks and toy-sellers, and men with all kinds of patent inventions, shouting and puffing their wares. These improvised shops or sheds, each one covered with advertisements in flaming posters, are open evenings, as the regular shops are not; and the scene is well worth visiting late, when the bargaining is at its loudest and fastest.

In summer there are the July *fêtes*, when dancing is done in the middle of the street. And there is the famous parade, called *Bœufs Gras*, where a fat bull leads,—commemorative of the ancient custom,—and where the *serpentin*, or crinkled bits of white paper, lodge in the trees and make the pavements a mass of the wavy stuff, and which give the streets at the time of throwing a Loie Fuller appearance, as of endless, tiny, squirming dancers. That is prettier even than the fall of the *confetti*, which occurs at carnival time. These

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showers of patterned paper are exciting to all classes and ages of Parisians. Then, of course, there is the Battle of the Flowers and the Bois in May, which is now rather made over to the sisters who are not sharers in full social prestige, and has become somewhat neglected by the real world.

Shops and Money

MOST American women, if they have never been in Paris before, can hardly wait to get to the Bon Marché. They have heard of it always as the one shop of the world, a place where everything French and novel can be bought at the least possible price. It sounds iconoclastic to say, then, that either the Bon Marché has gone down or other (American) shops have come up; for certainly no better bargains are to be had there now than at a dozen establishments at home. The same may be said of the Grands Magasins du Louvre. And as for the traps on the Boulevards des Capucines and des Italiens,—the same boulevard, by the by,—keep out of them. And also avoid those of the Avenue de l'Opéra, if you want to preserve a franc in your purse.

Beware of the Boulevard and of the Avenue de l'Opéra, and doubly beware of the Rue de la Paix! If one is not worth at least \$400,000, and has not got it with him (or her) to spend, one may not buy jewels or bric-à-brac in any of the emporiums which present such allurements in their windows as cause the foreigner to

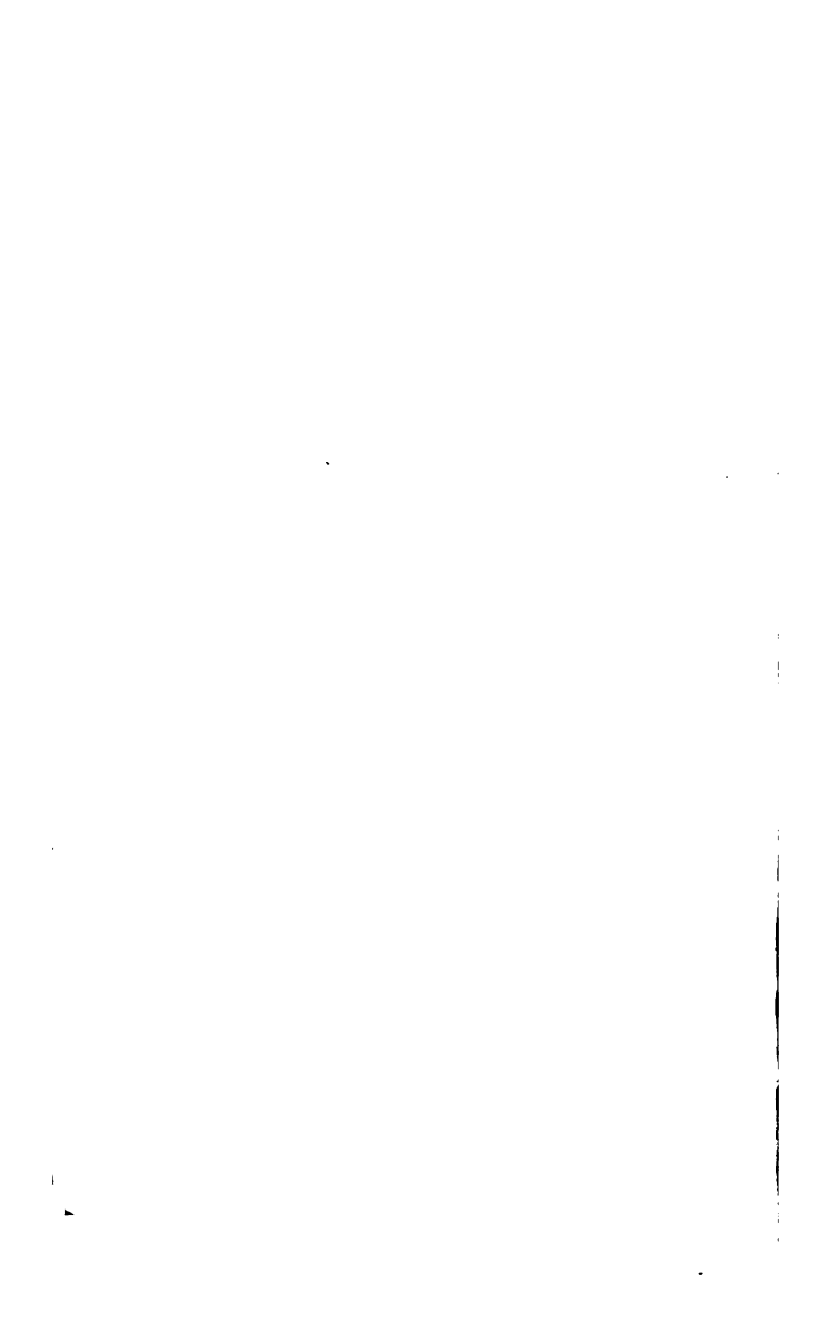
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Boulevard des Italiens



Boulevard des Capucins



Shops and Money

stand and gaze in longing. The same things, almost, can be got in the Rue de Provence, where, by the by, model gowns and wraps from the best dressmakers, not worn except to show, are for sale at absurd figures. In the Boulevard, if one buys a bracelet and a batch of charms to hang upon it, the jeweller charges \$1 each for fastening each charm on the bracelet! In the side and by-streets there are just as reliable shop-keepers who will do the work for nothing, having asked one-quarter of the sum, to begin with. In Paris, where a man is liable to arrest or fine for selling gold of less than 18-carat fineness, it may be seen that the purchaser is protected in that respect. But there is no arrest or fine hanging over the price, and there is no fixed price for anything in Paris. A morning's tour of the central streets will convince a foreigner that there is a plot against him, and that he cannot circumvent it.

But, after all, is it not the same with our own large cities in certain quarters? And, if there were a steady inpour of foreigners, with money to spend (and not pauper immi-

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grants), would not the prices mount with some celerity and not a little force on Broadway and a few other principal streets? One can hardly blame the people who take advantage of the opportunity held out with so much eagerness to them. But in the long run, all this increase and cupidity will injure the Paris shop-keepers; for already the tide has set in favour of London. Oxford Street and Regent Street are far more popular with American non-millionnaire shoppers than the Boulevard and the Rue de la Paix.

All the same, the streets of shops in Paris are still the gayest in the world. There is the Avenue de l'Opéra, with its great width and large façades, the Boulevard des Capucines, the two meeting in the Place de l'Opéra. There are the open-air cafés, with certain persistent customers sitting outside even in winter, with glass screens to protect them from the worst winds above, and with nothing to shield their patent leather feet from the coldness of the pavement. There is the enormous scope of the whole thoroughfare, a city in itself. There are the

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boys screaming their papers, the cabmen exchanging repartee with one another and their passengers. The scene is bewilderingly busy, and life is contagiously rampant. Whether you buy or not, this street of shops is a liberal education to plough through and watch in ploughing.

One item that Americans do not, perhaps, appreciate in their own country is the cheapness of silver there. As soon, however, as they attempt to purchase in Paris dressing-table furniture and other silver articles that with us are almost given away now, they will see the difference.

The differences in shopping facilities strike the stranger, too. In some respects, perhaps, the Parisians are ahead. One never pays at the counter, but always at the *caisse*, or desk, whither the salesman leads the way. No one examines the goods; but then, they have never left the shopper's eye. They disappear for a minute or two while they are being wrapped, if one is carrying them home, and altogether, if they are to be sent. There is as little confusion as with us; and one

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usually receives the right parcels, except at rushing crises.

But if one wants to make an exchange! In case the price is less for the second thing, there is a perfect hubbub; and there is always a row,—consultations and whisperings with authorities, and long absences and rather black looks, to tell the truth. A *rayon*—which means a distant department on another floor—usually has to be visited; and there is more fuss than the whole thing is worth, which was to be proved, probably; by the powers for their own ends.

They will never send for anything at one's house, either; and altogether one is cautioned to be careful the first time of buying, which is difficult with the incessant importunities.

These, again, form another old-time feature of the Paris procedure. One is not let alone a single minute. Going on to a perfectly sure and familiar goal in search of a distinct object, with all that evident in one's fixity of eye and written on one's corrugated forehead, the floor-walker, usher, salesman, or attendant of any sort or sex, stops one incessantly

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with the everlasting, "Qu'est-ce que Madame désire?" or thrusting some absurd, unneeded article in one's face. At many places, and in some of the best, the salesmen and women are positively rude, if the shopper is fastidious, rejecting the first thing offered.

Shop, when you are in search of wares really original or French or rare, in the out-of-the-way streets. The Latin Quarter is full of rubbish, but it is also full of treasures worth the seeking. In the Rue de Rennes and the Rue du Bac — on which is the Bon Marché — and off the Boulevard St. Germain (not so interesting because modern) and over by the Bastille are innumerable art and other collections, jumbled up sometimes, but often tenderly guarded, and sold with discrimination. There are sharpers, of course; and an American accent or manner will usually act as a derrick under a price. But there are many simple and civil Parisian shop-keepers still, hidden in the recesses and under the arcades of the old tangles of streets.

Book-stalls along the Seine have been mentioned under the head of sights. So have the

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collections, as of crucifixes, in the Rue de Rennes. There are the gallery shops, also.

The gallery shops are large establishments, beautifully arranged, with spiral staircases leading to and from the stores, just as in museums; and they are museums, where amateur things in art may be had at the highest prices. This is encouraging for amateur artists, and therefore should be borne. Burned work in leather, done by one specialist to perfection, may be seen at one at least of these galleries, and paintings, and every sort of amateur jewelry designed by ladies and men whose names may not be known. They correspond with our "household" and "decorative art" rooms.

None of this kind of touring can be done in haste. It takes time and thought, and often mere accident guides the stroller to a regular storehouse of beautiful objects. The least known of the places are often the choicest.

Delight in picking up treasures and bargains is much interfered with by the appalling consciousness of the New York custom-house, which haunts every waking dream, and turns

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into rude reality all too soon: Those who have leanings toward old tapestry, even in bits, if it is in the form of upholstery, learn that they cannot take in a piano-stool that they have used in their apartment for two years, under a protective tariff of 60 per cent. *ad valorem*. And the "valorem" is not always left to them, either. Government itself occasionally steps in and adjusts that. A lady who bought a sofa—genuine Louis Quinze—for \$2,000 was taxed an additional \$1,200 on entering New York, although she had sat upon the sofa, off and on, for five years.

No person who is able to travel in Europe for pleasure probably owns less than \$100 worth of clothing or carries less on his back at one wearing. Yet that trifling sum is supposed to be the maximum of wardrobe the New York customs allows a returning pilgrim. The thought does certainly poison a shopper's pleasure in the Old World.

The half-decimal system of French money is usually perplexing to the American. It is wholly decimal, if one can be got to consider

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19 cents as a unit. And thinking of it as 20 cents makes that much easier. Starting, then, with the 20-cent piece, or franc, as a basis, the currency becomes simple. The old-fashioned French make it still more simple by reckoning in sous. Thus a franc to them is 20 sous, a 2-franc piece is one of 40 sous, while a 5-franc cart-wheel, exactly like our silver dollar, is 100 sous to the elderly Parisian. The cabmen do not reckon in this way, at any rate in dealing with foreign customers, so that there is no particular use in the American's familiarising himself with the terms, even for self-protection. For it sounds far more than it is, and thus no failure to understand could embarrass the foreigner later.

One hundred centimes make 1 franc; but no centime-coin impedes the general circulation, which is sufficiently cumbersome now with all the copper bits. The 5-centime piece, or sou, equivalent to 1 cent of our money, is the smallest coin ordinarily met with. There are copper bits of 1 and 2 centimes, but they are confined to very small gentry indeed. Two sous,

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or 10 centimes, is the next bigger denomination; and 10 of these, of course, make a franc. Taking the franc as the unit, like our dollar, one multiplies and divides exactly as at home. For instance, if a thing costs 3.75 francs and one buys 7 of them, one simply multiplies 3.75 by 7, and the product is \$26.25, just as it would be if the francs were dollars.

The "75" is represented by a silver 50-centime piece, two copper pieces of 10 each, and one of 5 (a sou); or seven copper 10-centime pieces and one of 5, just as in American currency 75 cents may be made up in various combinations of silver, copper, and nickel. There is no nickel money in France. It would save a lot of hauling about of heavy dinner plates in one's pocket or purse if there were.

But the pleasure of carrying gold does away in a great measure with the disturbing (and soiling) presence of the copper. As in England, gold is in general, every-day circulation. It is as common as paper; and any one will change paper for it, all things being equal, and if they have it.

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The 20-franc piece, or louis d'or, and the piece of 10 francs, or the half-louis, are those commonly seen. Fifty-franc coins are also minted, and those of 100; and 40-franc pieces used to be. There are also gold pieces of 100-franc denomination, and those of 5; but the last two kinds, as well as the 50-franc gold pieces, are rarely met with. In silver are 5-franc atrocities like our dollar, coins the equivalent of which no nation seems to be able to do without. Silver coins, value 2 francs, are also rife; and those of 1, the commonest of all. Half-francs, or 50 centimes, or 10-sou silver pieces, and tiny silver bits amounting to one-fifth of a franc, or 20 centimes, or 4 sous, conclude the divisions of silver money.

Bank-notes, which are not clean, necessarily, as in England, but may be greasy and dirty as with us, are of the following denominations: 5,000, 1,000, 500, 200, 100, and 50 francs. The two latter values are those most familiar to the general run of traveller. The system is thus seen to be little complicated. It is pure decimal as far as the French are con-

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cerned, for the franc to them is a unit; and if we think of it as an exact fifth of a dollar, as it is supposed to be, it may be so accurately considered by us.

Dressmakers

DRESSMAKERS with original ideas and "Frenchy" touches, low of price, may still be found; but they take some hunting. In side streets, up four and five flights, may be discovered yet patient and agreeable ladies who have not been tainted by the American invasion; but it is better to learn about them slowly, and not to take the first one suggested. English women, who are notedly economical, keep concealed in dark eyries treasures of this sort and are with difficulty, if at all, induced to give up the secret of their dwellings to Americans. They make nice dresses for \$25 dollars, and "find" everything. There are hosts of them who will make a beautiful gown for \$50, and that seems cheap to an American. If she promptly communicates this opinion to one of these ladies, \$60 is charged, very likely, to the next person, and so on. It is the same old story.

The best dresses in Paris are made for actresses and the *demi-monde*. It is a homily on the trend of things that genuine ladies may be seen sitting patiently for hours at the fash-

Dressmakers

ionable dressmakers ; * while others, of strange colourings and queer shades in hair, keep them waiting on their caprices. As for the stage, the costumes are perfection. The very latest things are exploited here ; and the dress-makers themselves furnish drawings of these " creations " for the lesser dressmakers to buy and copy. This is true to a certain extent in other cities,— namely, that the stage costumes are the handsomest and most costly ; but it is not carried to such an extreme in importance as in Paris, where the dignified journals make editorial matter of the dresses in the new piece !

There are the cheaper dressmakers, as has been said ; but most Americans are not satisfied with them. When they come to Paris, they want at least one gown made by the celebrated clothes-artists, whose names are, like " Sapolio," household words in American houses. Happy men, who would not be seen

* Please caution all your American friends, and take the hint yourself, and do not call a dressmaker a *modiste*. It is quite generally applied by American dressmakers to themselves, through some misunderstanding of French ; for *modiste* is applied only to milliners. We say " man-milliner," speaking of Worth or Paquin ; but that is more or less of a joke.

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in French coats or trousers, and who therefore do not have trying on to do in Paris!

Prices are enormous (for Paris) at the grand dressmaking houses. The least is 700 francs (\$140) for a severe tailor-costume. That does not seem high for many an American lady who has to pay it at home. But there are no duties here: everything is of domestic origin. Handsome cloth gowns, with lace, embroidery, or fur, or all three, multiply their costs like the nails in the horseshoe. Ball dresses reach the empyrean of expense. Two thousand francs is not unusual. And again must be borne in mind the fact that the embroideries are done in the very shops themselves; that labour is nothing; that fur is indefinitely cheaper than with us (that is, that they use the European kinds); and that the materials, laces and all, are made for the dressmakers who put them on, almost always. The profit is thus enormous, as the wealth of the great mantua-makers of Paris testifies.

There is one serious drawback to having one's dresses made by the big men, and this may be a comfort to those who cannot man-

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age it. Fashionable ladies are likely to see replicas of their own superb gowns on their dearest friends, their dearest foes, their hated rivals, and on those to whom they are more becoming. There is a story to the effect that seven Chicago ladies once met at a dinner, and that every one of the seven had on the same model of a certain Paris dressmaker, who shall be as nameless as he was shameless. Real Parisian ladies do not flock in coveys to the same dressmaker, or if they do, they make him swear, and see that he keeps his oath, not to duplicate their gowns.

Of course there is a *cachet* no one without the unlimited advantages these men have can impart to skirts and corsages. And of course, too, the others follow and wait for the caprices of Worth and Paquin and Doucet. But it is by no means understood now that gowns from other sources may not be quite as desirable,—and even more original, not being copied.

It is not very agreeable to record that a lady, modest of mien and only modestly attired, would not be well received at any one of the grand places if she went to look about, even

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preliminarily to ordering something ; but it is suggested that if a friend can take her, it is an amusing experience for such a lady to visit one of them in the afternoon. Without warning, an elegant young person in gorgeous ball gown trails the length of the waiting-room. Above the *décolleté* portion of the robe is a high black neck arrangement, resembling a jersey.

This shows that one of the models is displaying a style. A few minutes after a magnificent creature appears in black velvet, superbly belaced and embroidered. Every now and then a lovely lady sails through, attired in the very latest creation. The models are all slender, all pretty, and nearly all have chemically blonde hair. But occasionally there is a genuine brunette, and perhaps, but this is disputed, a genuine blonde. The *coiffeurs* say there is scarcely one in Paris ; that is to say, of Parisian birth. The world, whole and half, that comes to visit the dressmakers in the Rue de la Paix, is in itself characteristic. Women come with grievances a yard long, and usually depart with them, too. Women who have been kept waiting two hours make a bold strike

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for interior regions spasmodically, every five minutes, and resume their seats after each *sortie*, more savage still. Others emerge from the trying-on cupboards complaisant or furious, as their fits may cause them to be. There goes Mrs. This of Philadelphia, who has just ordered twenty-eight new dresses, and given *carte blanche*. Here comes Mrs. That of Boston or Chicago,—the Philadelphia is true, though,—who is going to order ten. Small wonder they do not allow to look, even, the merely well-to-do who can afford but one expensive dress.

The best hat-makers are the same. They are situated over or under the dressmakers in the fashionable quarters. But although they have a *cachet* it is hard to reproduce, yet hats can be copied when frocks cannot; and the *modistes* have to make their hay while their hats are fresh, or tear them to pieces and make new styles before the cheaper milliners have got the idea. They, too, are barely civil to the quietly dressed; and their prices, although not as high as in America, reach \$30 and \$40 a hat.

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Ready-made dresses can be found at many of the large shops, and very good ones ; but they are not particularly cheap. A cloth costume may cost, out of season, \$15 to \$20 ; but that is not remarkable, for so may it also in our large shops. It takes constant watching to find bargains ; and the bargains are not remarkable, even then. Jackets and wraps and blouses, and other ready-made articles of that sort, do not approach our own. The only real treasures are silk stockings, handkerchiefs, and gloves ; but, as a rule, the articles that are cheap in Paris nowadays are so because they are inferior.

Men's shopping has been left out of this short schedule, because it occupies so little place in their thoughts, or is supposed to do so. But there are good English tailors in Paris, and boot-makers ; and there are many excellent shops, in and near the Boulevard, where shirts, ties, and even hats may be found in latest fashion.

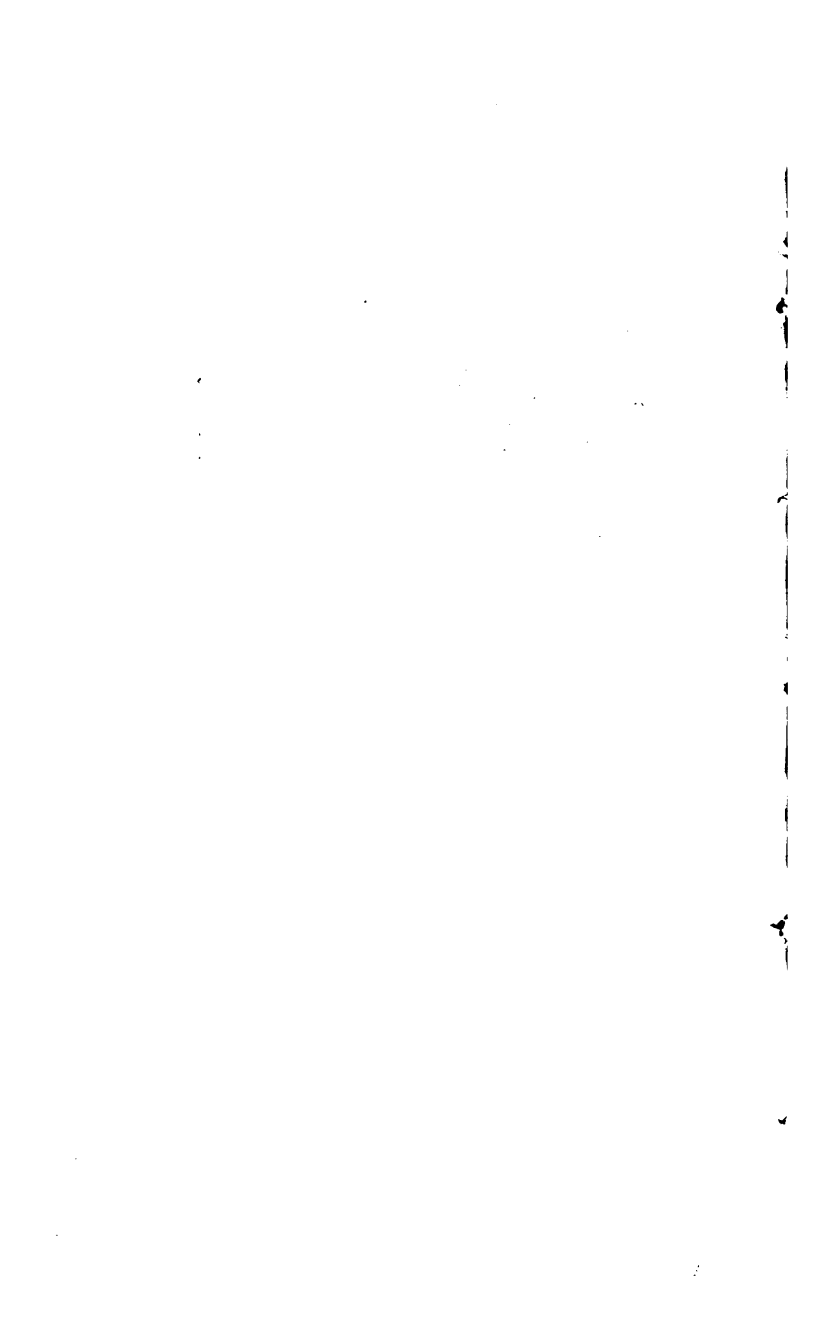
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Golf Club-house at Maisons-Laffitte



Race-stands at Longchamps



Sport

SPORT is an after-thought with French people, and not at all the necessary feature of life it is in many other countries, notably in England and America. Society contents itself with the men doing a little shooting, and a few months' skating for the ladies; and this accounts for only a small portion of the population. No universal games that boys are wild about (and men, too), like football and baseball and cricket, and that the masses, who can't play, cheer and spur on! There is no golf, even, for the older or more fashionable of the community. Sport, in its larger sense, is unknown to the French people.

A polo field exists in the Bois, but nobody but a few Englishmen and French Anglo-maniacs plays on it. *L'escrime*, or fencing, is taught, and there are exhibitions of that accomplishment in the Bois all summer; but that is not spontaneous sport. Tennis has never been the rage, as with us; and croquet is indulged in only mildly. The majority of French boys learn all too soon, alas! the art of mashing, to use a vulgar term which describes the process

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better than a gentler one; and at eighteen they prefer playing at fascination to strengthening their constitutions by healthy out-of-door exercise. It is difficult, without seeming coarse, to dwell with sufficient severity on this phase of youthful training in France; but when it is stated that a woman mourned a son dead at the age of twenty-one, because, as she sorrowfully explained, he had not the stamina to stand the life all his comrades led of what we should call crime, but which she considered the natural exuberance of youth, it may be easily seen that Frenchmen are trained healthily in neither a physical nor a moral sense.

The stranger, man or woman, who finds exercise absolutely needful and who cannot walk or drive forever, may join the Société de Golf de Paris, at Mesnil-le-Roi (station Maisons-Laffitte), about half an hour from town, by applying to the secretary of the club at 25 Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The links is a bad one, shared with cows, but it is a great deal better than nothing; and the place itself is lovely. The fee yearly is only 60 francs (\$12), and there is no initiation. Meals, not

Sport

elaborate, but good, are served in the little club-house, which is barely more than a shed ; and the trains serve conveniently from the Gare St. Lazare, itself in a convenient part of town. One leaves at half-past one, giving a good afternoon play in summer ; for there are returning trains at five, six, and seven. If the players choose to dine, a ten o'clock train will bring them back to town.

The professional — as well as most of the players of the Paris golf club — is Scotch ; and few Frenchmen play, although there are noble names among the officers. Men in Paris find the *jeu de paume*, or old game of court tennis, amusing ; and Englishmen staying long enough to learn to play well usually join that club. It is situated in the Jardin des Tuileries, at the corner of the Place de la Concorde and the Rue de Rivoli, and is often visited by spectators, who must be invited by the players. Ladies are among the guests on tournament days ; and the *paume* court and the Palais de Glace (early) are two of the favourite resorts in the afternoons in the winter.

Skating is one of the accomplishments of

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French girls. It is not like the regular thing, but reaches a high pitch of grace. There are *professeurs* at the Palais de Glace — “professionals,” as we call them — who, for 5 francs an hour, teach waltzing on skates and every kind of fancy step known to the sport. Ladies who are proficient usually prefer to keep one of these men in attendance, it being impossible to waltz or to do some of the other things alone. Then there is skating in the Cercle des Patineurs in the Bois, confined to a select few of the fashionable and extremely difficult to join. It is also difficult for the members of the club to find any skating; for it rains most of the winter in Paris, and the days of out-of-door skating are limited.

The races are the great pastimes of Parisians, as every one knows. Excitement culminates at the time of the Grand Prix, or French Derby, in June; but while the race-tracks at Longchamps and Auteuil are open, every Sunday sees a throng of the fashionable there. Racing can hardly be called sport or exercise for those who dawdle out in carriages, and confine their energies to betting and chatting.

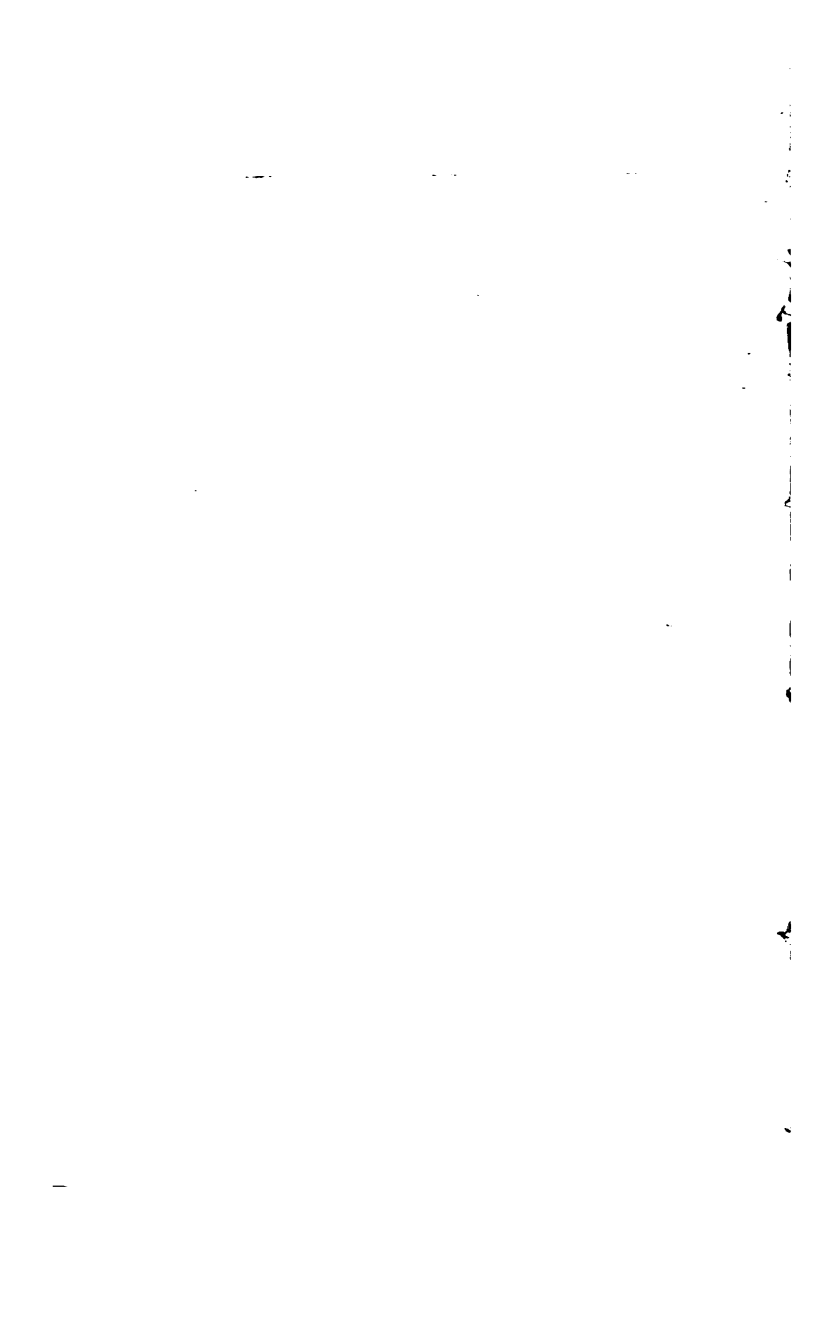
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Cascade in Bois de Boulogne



Lake in Bois de Boulogne



Sport

It does call people out in the open air; and that is all that can be said strictly in its favour, intrinsically. But it gives foreigners splendid opportunities to observe the real article of Parisian at its best and worst. The grand events are always on Sunday. A squad of Municipal Guards attends invariably, and the races are under government surveillance entirely. Prancing back at five or six o'clock in the full tide of fashion, the government guard, mounted, sends a qualm through the new-comer of Puritan proclivities. But the qualm is not long of life, and is quickly forgotten.

It is, perhaps, hardly fair to the Parisian to omit to mention the daily toddle in the Avenue des Acacias. Some people ride, too; and many now automobile. But the *exercice* of the average fashionable lady consists in sailing up and down a gravel walk, dragging a heavy skirt of cloth, and stopping to talk every five minutes, having been driven to the spot in the first place.

Sunday morning in the Bois is the time to see Parisian society, whole and half. Degrees

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of cosmetics may be almost said to distinguish degrees of ladies, also the company kept. Certain strolling dames come by themselves; and as no self-respecting Parisian lady would dare or care to be seen in the fashionable promenade alone, it is easy to tell who isn't who, at least by that sign. But all the exemplary mothers and wives discuss with easy familiarity the affairs of the notorious persons they pass and repass constantly.

After the exhausting parade in the avenue is over, luncheon in the Bois is a refreshing climax. At one of the cafés in the neighbourhood, one is apt to be much edified as well as reinforced.

If this last digression is put under the head of sport, it is because there is hardly enough material in Paris to fill a chapter without some padding; and walking and driving in the Bois are germane to sport for the spectator, certainly.

Cycling died hard in Paris; but it is dead, as far as fashion is concerned. The ladies who appeared in bloomers, with tulle bonnets and boas of feather or other fluffy substance,

Sport

are no more ; that is, they cycle no more. *La bicyclette* has ceased to inspire the singer and joker at the vaudeville show, just as with us. The rider for utilitarian purposes, possibly for exercise, occasionally gives the pedestrian a "turn" at a sharp corner ; but bicycling has had its day.

Suburban Trips

SUBURBAN trips take it out of the tourist, and are not highly enjoined except for long stays. Even then a short journey goes a long way. But dashes into the surrounding regions are the fashion for guide-book tourists, those who swear by Baedeker, and divide up their steps into "two-day," "three-day," "one week," and other stated periods for sight-seeing only, and not for pleasure. Glancing, as they plunge along, at the Place de la Concorde, and leaving on their left the so-and-so, they rush madly on to some goal in which they are not half so vividly interested as in the points they hurry by. Chartres, with its cathedral, might be omitted to make room for a closer investigation of some nearer scene; but most travellers want to take in everything, and are obdurate. For those, however, this book is not intended. Versailles, St. Cloud, Sèvres, Fontainebleau, should be seen if it can be managed; and these are easily accessible, although the passage is often long, and made more so by infinite waits. To go out by coach to Versailles is pleasant, but expensive. Our ladies,



The Dairy, Petit Trianon, Versailles



Basin of Apollo, Versailles

Suburban Trips

living on \$3 a day, could not very wisely attempt that; but the steam tram is every bit as nice, and the price not a tenth of the other.

Three mail coaches go in summer from as many starting-places in Paris to Versailles. They leave at ten o'clock or so, and charge 15 francs (\$3) for "plain" seat and 20 (\$4) for one on the box. One is the New York *Herald's* coach, another the Messenger's, and the third is Cook's. The trains start from the Gare St. Lazare; and with the fare to the station the trip costs, return and all, about 5 francs (\$1). On the top of a steam tram, with shade for one's eyes and a close view of the river and the scenery, the round trip inside, 1 franc, 75 centimes, or less than 40 cents. Luncheon at Versailles is naturally not included in any one of these fares, especially not in the last.

At Versailles there is the park, and there are the palaces, the Trianons, the carriage houses, the museums and galleries, the fountains on fountain days. One day barely suffices for all; and if two trips can be managed, one in the morning and another in the after-

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noon, there will be more pleasure and far less fatigue. It is possible to employ a week advantageously at Versailles, and the lodgings there are very comfortable.

As for Fontainebleau, it is absolutely necessary to give several days to its proper seeing and enjoyment, if one goes out at all. Being fashionable and the residence of a rather rowdy Isabella of Spain at intervals, those in search of quiet have to seek their opportunities. But the beauty of the place has not been touched, and its history fairly saturates its atmosphere. The palace, the gardens, the Forest of Fontainebleau, breathe of everybody in French annals, from Francis I., who received Charles V. there in 1539, to Josephine, who received the sentence of her divorce in 1809, and on through the century to Carnot, who was given a monument three or four years ago. But the real interest of Fontainebleau does not cluster around Carnot, nor any figure of this last republic.

St. Cloud by boat, if one is wise, and on not too hot a day. Summer afternoons are frightful at St. Cloud. Better a breakfast or

Suburban Trips

even a late dinner, which is cheap, by the by, but not good. It is more comfortable, however, to stroll about with some degree of cool than to broil just off the boat, in those sunny walks with crowds of people. Saturday is the grand day for weddings at St. Cloud, and there are sometimes a dozen parties with the same conventional programme,— romping games in the wood, a meal of some kind, and being photographed in a bridal group in the pavilion Bleu veranda. The bride must wear out her shoes running, must use up her gloves, and tear her gown or soil it on the grass. It is never to be worn again. No wonder the material is usually of the sleaziest. One feature that adds, no doubt, to the gayety of the guests, but does not inspire the foreign spectators with respect or admiration, is the tipsiness of the group sometimes. Not only the male relatives and friends of the pair, but the pair itself, are apt to drink more healths than is health. The carriage in which the bridal couple arrives and departs takes the whole length of the Champs-Élysées and the Avenue des Acacias in the Bois and other conspicuous thoroughfares, and is nearly all

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windows, behind which the bridal couple and two friends may be seen, usually in an advanced state of intoxication. But of course there are many merely merry parties to which these strictures do not apply.

Chantilly makes a pleasant trip, for rather a long one, the *château* requiring one day, which must be either Sunday or Thursday, and other sights another. There are fashionable races in May and in October.

Then there is Chartres, for the church; but these last are hardly suburbs.

Sèvres, where the factories are, and St. Denis, Épinay, and the nearer environs than Épinay: Passy, Auteuil, Longchamps, are easily visited, sometimes without knowing it, they are so near; Maisons-Laffitte, and Mesnil-le-Roi, where the golf links is. Many and many a place offers a retreat for a summer evening, where one may dine and come home when it is late and cool. Vaucresson is a charming suburb, about half an hour out, with a charming name. Then there is Barbizon, close to Fontainebleau, where many Parisians have summer houses. There is a large choice of little journeys just outside Paris.

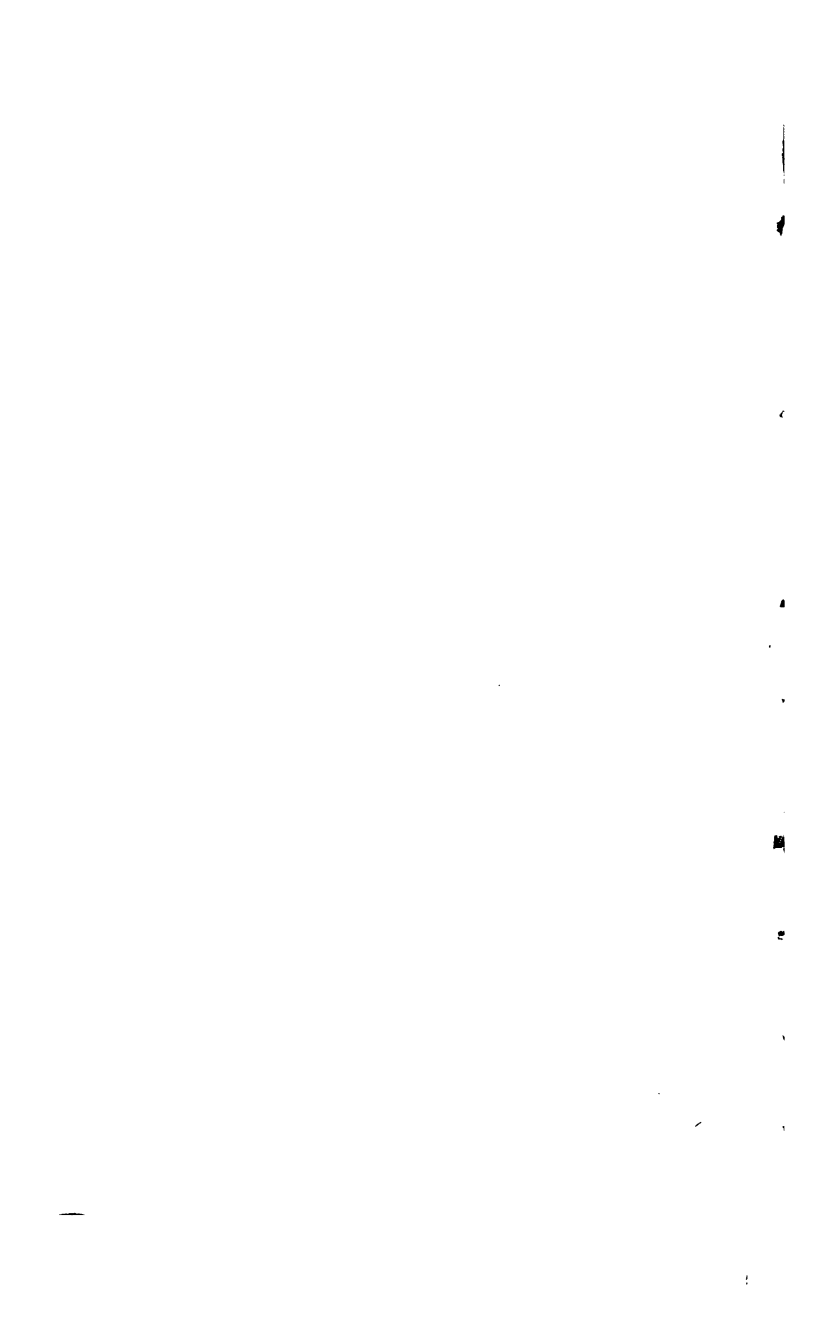
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Fontainebleau



The Park, Fontainebleau



French Society

FEW American ladies, intending to make a stay of three to six months or even a year in Paris, care to worry much about an *entrée* into genuine Parisian society,— the society of the Faubourg, as it is generically called, though little of it is left in those quarters now. And few, if they did care, would be able to do more than gain a slippery foothold within those excluding portals. It would take time, money, and a knowledge of the language, over and above the letters of introduction necessary to open the charmed precincts; and whether they are so very charmed or not, when you have gained access, is not so sure.

Society in France has been tightened up and consolidated within the last few years, and particularly within the last one, by the Dreyfus case. The Jew is ostracised. And with so many French Jews, and rich French Jews, interwoven with society, it has made a war within society's limits. Not long ago the wedding of a formerly popular girl, a French Jewess beautiful and rich, with a French nobleman, was almost boycotted. Thirty-five

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persons turned up at the wedding breakfast, to which hundreds had been bidden. Anti-Semitism has reached a rabid pass; and as it works principally in royalist circles, it has affected the ultra set most.

Children are so scarce in France that it has become a serious national menace. Family life, as we consider it, is therefore growing rarer. But the old-fashioned family life in France, when it does exist, is as simple, as domestic, and as happy as in our own most exemplary households.

If our travellers have brought letters of introduction with them, and wish to see the inside of French life, let them send their letters and wait to be summoned. In these days, they will, first of all, be asked to afternoon tea, if their letters are to French families with progressive bents. "*La fève o'clockue*," as it is called, is a rage in Paris; and whether the strained character of the relations between England and France will extend to the new form of entertainment in such favour at present remains to be seen. Just now the "*fève-o'clockue*" fever is raging. The French are simply drowning themselves in tea.

French Society

In London, and in many cities of America, it is not thought enough to ask people to join the hostess in a box at the opera. Dinner or supper is supposed to be included. In Paris the invitation to the box is thought quite enough. The giver of it says good-night at the door, and feels that she has conferred a great deal of pleasure. It is a pity that Americans could not learn something of this moderation, or at least keep their dinner parties and opera parties separate. The way two hearty meals and a curtailed and jumbled-up performance are crowded into one period of five or six hours is conducive to indigestion of both food and entertainment.

It is considered — and one is speaking now of truly French circles — the worst manners to arrive exactly at dinner-time, when invited for that repast. In *bourgeois* society, they come and sit a long time before; but in the others it is supposed that the guest keeps up the fiction of not coming expressly to eat. Modern houses are very English nowadays, however; and these rules are nearly done away with.

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Soirées are still the fashion, and it is evident that Paris has no new ways of her own. She copies from the English or goes her old gait. Society is extremely exclusive, and for foreigners almost entirely barred. But one may be asked to a *soirée* now and then.

American social matters in Paris are supposed to depend largely upon the United States ambassadorial family. As a rule, they are quite independent of that august circle. There is a so-called American colony, but there are hundreds of Americans living or stopping in Paris who are absolutely independent of it. Enormous receptions, given by the ambassador during the seasons, are looked upon as enormous bores, equally by invited and inviting. Dinners, at which the guests are more or less compulsory on both sides, dot the dreary view; but when the family of the ambassador wishes to enjoy itself, it asks its own friends to assist. And people outside that set avail themselves of the same privilege. Then there is much pleasure given and received.

The French one sees in cafés late at night

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or at the "sidewalk" restaurants are not the best, as regards women. There is a rigid rule about this; and the restaurants are supported by men of all nations, and by women of (principally) two, French of a certain class, and Americans of the best class. These last simply flock to see the *demi-monde*. There seems to be a terrible fascination for them about a set that has no curiosity whatever about them. Some of the cafés at midnight and after are glowing with masses of jewels and the gayest and richest toilets. Occasionally, too, bottles fly; and the gayety partakes of the character of uproar.

The main diversions of average French women of the upper classes now are the same that ours used to enjoy,—visiting, reading novels, gossiping, and theatre-going. They live much less in the public eye, going very little outside their own houses, and not even into shops. They are seldom seen in busy streets at all, and never on foot. The Frenchman, not being able to provide the protection for his wife and daughter that other men's wives and daughters do not get from him, forbids

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them the public thoroughfare, and feels that he guards his family perfectly. When women are emancipated in France, there will be another revolution besides. For, as soon as they learn what is really going on, they will set to work to cure the evil. It will be a happy day for France. Nor is it to say that many of the best French women are not seeking to reconstruct society on a moral basis; and there are thousands of careful mothers of daughters in France. The sons usually go their own and their fathers' gait.

The woman question is in its infancy, to use a paradox. Americans think, or many of them do, that Madame Adam and Madame Blanc, and a few more brave spirits are leavening the lump of French progress, in the line of woman's work, very fast. But the lump remains largely unleavened as yet; although there are many busy, and their work has begun to show.

Much Parisian society will not be found feasible for the active American woman who cannot give up her freedom and remain, like a parcel, to be taken or called for. She will

be obliged to conform to the ways of the French, and that is impossible for most American women. The topics of thought and conversation are different, and these which we have taught our women not to discuss, in mixed circles at least. In Paris there is no place too public for curious innuendoes and imputing of horrible motives to seemingly innocent actions.

Young girls in Paris do not have a very good time; that is, if they are good girls. It is a code with most of them to declare on every occasion that they have enjoyed themselves extremely, it being considered a sign of unpopularity, for some occult reason, not to have had a good time; but in Paris the American girl must be a wild enthusiast of an extravagantly popular sort who can declare that she is amused all the time. If she lives with her family, and enjoys any freedom at all in going and coming, she is criticised by such French friends as she may have happened to make; and if she is sensitive, she may care for that. Then there is nowhere she can go alone or with another girl, where she is not liable to

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misunderstanding and insult. For instance, at any one of the many fashionable tea-places so popular now in Paris there is no possible impropriety in two girls going together, as far as the hour, the situation, or the frequenters of the place are concerned; yet there would be a terrible cloud over any two young girls who went thus unchaperoned. It would have to be smoothed over or hushed up or something. These strictures, of course, do not apply to mere passing strangers, who can do anything. But they do apply, and apply strictly, to those who wish to stand well in a French light.

There is no possible wrong in two young people's walking together in the Bois or in the Champs-Élysées, even if one happens to be of a different sex from the other. But neither two girls, nor a man and a girl can walk in the Bois nor in the Champs-Élysées, nor anywhere else in Paris. This is a fixed fact, and not all the argument in the world can alter it. You can defy French opinion, and be happy; but you cannot be an American girl and a French girl, too. The wise person will cling to her

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own nationality unless she intends to expatriate herself.

Books on books have been written to show the Bohemian side of Parisian life. Pictures of the gayest balls, and of restaurants after midnight, and of all kinds of wild orgies, are shown; and there are scenes that even these books do not go so far as to picture. All these have no part, it is scarcely necessary to state, in the life of a lady coming to Paris to live, and even to see as much of the typical parts of the city as she possibly can. Maxim's, about which she will hear continually, and where she may be invited to go as a grand spree, if she has Bohemian friends, should really be barred to her. The Café de Paris, at supper-time, is a little gay for a quiet lady. At the Palais de Glace, when the skating grows high and furious,—and when it is positively beautiful, too,—most of the more retiring skaters have left. It is ever so in Paris. *La petite femme*, as the Parisienne of the reckless variety is affectionately termed, makes things too lively for those not so careless, and usually clears the stage of

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the lay sisterhood when she appears. Many American ladies insist upon being present at French off-coloured institutions; and if they are not sorry afterward, their friends often are. It is the part of prudence to shy from anything in Paris that has the stamp of dubiousness.

Not that you can avoid the *petite femme*. She goes everywhere she can get in. Sometimes she is desperate, shameless, not even neat. Usually she is dainty, pretty, modest in manner. But she comes alone. Driving up to the Café d'Armenonville in her dashing victoria, no one rushes out to help her alight. Unattended she saunters up to a tableful of men,—her friends, probably. They do not rise, only accost her gayly and perhaps make room for her. After the refecton she departs alone, as she has come. It is a horrid sight, and one which one shudders to let young American girls behold. But as it is the commonest, they do behold it all the time.

The code is so different that it is a good plan never to discuss manners and morals with French people, even with women. They

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do not, cannot believe that men protect instead of insulting innocent girls who are out by themselves. If you give them instances, they think you are a fool and don't know. It is time and temper wasted to talk these things over with ignorant French women: the others are beginning to understand. The best way is to let them see that American women are not *libre*, only self-reliant, at home; and in order to do that, some people think American women ought not to be spending their evenings entirely spying and peering into the worst plays and places of entertainment in their own town. But it is hard work to convince Americans of this; and if they are convinced, perhaps they don't care.

Wit in France is proverbial and historic; but the spoken side of it is little understood by Americans, even by those who appreciate it thoroughly in books. French wit is gay; but it is unobtrusive, and on the order of the story of the playwright's wife who was trying to console her husband when he was cast down about his new play. "What shall I do?" he groaned. "I have a man being

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eaten by a lion, and So-and-so's latest dramatic success has exactly the same scene in it. I can't even seem to be copying him. And I cannot rewrite my whole play." "Couldn't you have your man eating the lion?" asked the sympathetic little wife anxiously, and with some timidity.

But when it comes to plays upon words, slang of our sort, and other American standard dependencies in ordinary conversation known as society talk, the French are not with us. Literary taste is needed to appreciate French wit, for their ordinary minds do not joke. They have few synonyms, and so their turns of speech are not very varied. And literary discrimination is needed for the French to understand our best witticisms. So they sparkle in different orbits from ours, often; and we are sometimes inclined to call them stupid, while they think us crude. The average Frenchman is literal, too; and we are nothing if not hyperbolical. Then, too, the *finesse* of each language requires more perfect understanding than each of us often can give the other.

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There have been so many Franco-American marriages that there is a large colony of these mixed *ménages* in Paris. The American wives — there are few or no American husbands of French wives — have absorbed themselves, almost as one woman, into the nationality of the family into which they have married. This fatal adaptability subdues our national characteristics abroad. But in America the other rule works, it is believed. There seems to be no reason, however, why women who have married foreigners should be ashamed of their own race, and even of their own language. One finds them often interlarding their English with French expressions, as if they had forgotten their own decades at home in a handful of years in France.

The middle classes in Paris are much like the middle classes in large towns at home. The girls cannot always be sheltered from the street; and they are as a rule, sensible and well informed. The honest *bourgeoisie* is the prop of French life.

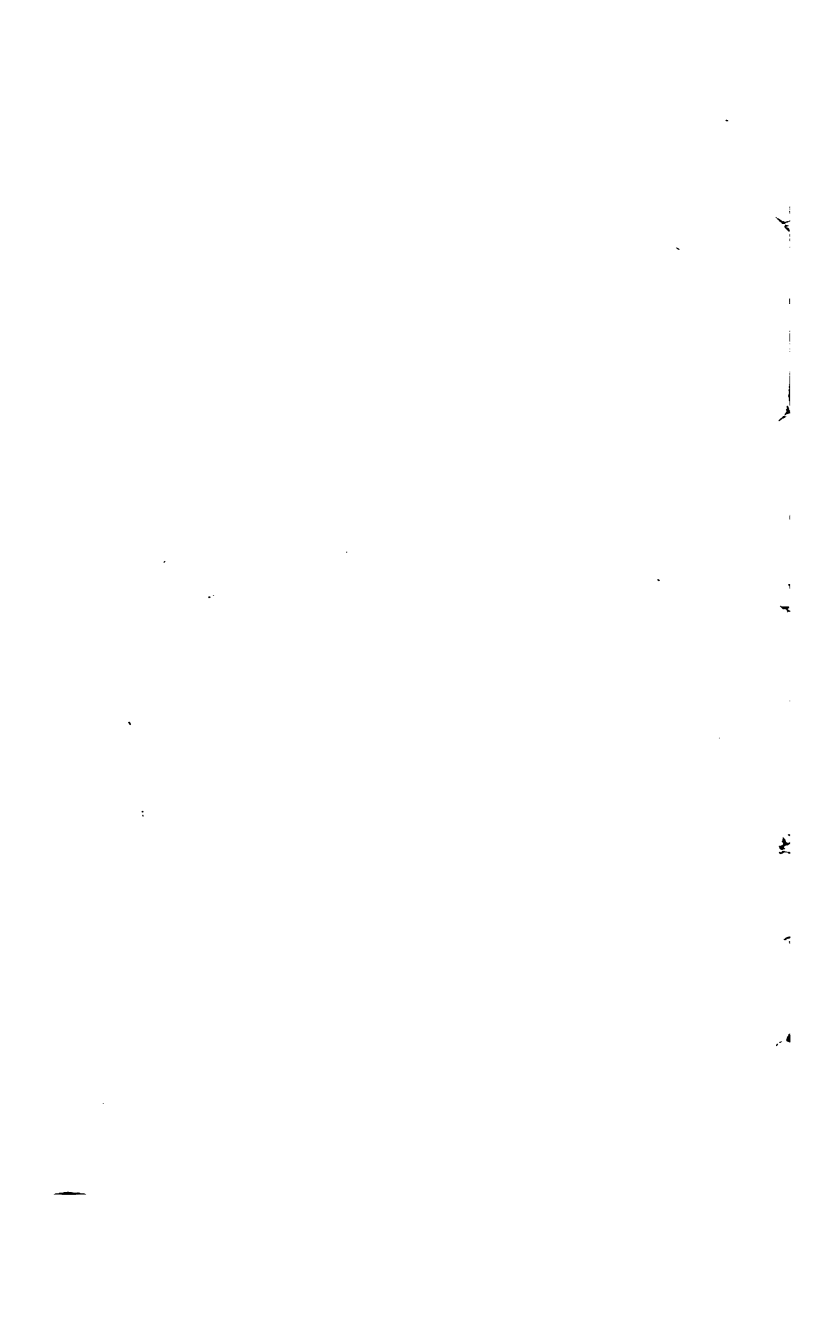
Exposition of 1900

IT was a bold act to plan a World's Fair of end-of-the-century proportions and put it inside a teeming city like Paris. To those who have watched the violent processes necessary to the carrying out of such a gigantic plot, it has seemed sometimes as if no end could justify such a means. The constant pounding, the tearing down and putting up and digging up, and stirring up (of dust), the hauling about of heavy weights, and all the other distractions required to plant one city within another, have hurt Paris's livable qualities terribly for a year. In addition to the legitimate work of the Exposition, there has also been installed, with various cavings in and other disembowelings not accidental, a subterranean street railway. And the Champs-Élysées in its busiest part, and the Place de la Concorde, and many other vital thoroughfares have presented scenes of carnage and pits of black mud interspersed with rails and men horrible to see. The metropolitan subway work may be considered, after all, to belong to the Exposition chaos, because it is for the summer of 1900

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Vieux Paris, Exposition of 1900



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that it is being hurried through. Otherwise they would probably have waited till another year.

The heart of Paris is the Place de la Concorde. From every side spread arteries reaching to the nerves of commerce, of recreation, of every kind of pursuit, including the pursuit of pleasure. Figure, then, the accessibility and central qualities of an exposition which is entered from the Place de la Concorde. Think of the ease with which Parisians, many and many of whose dwellings are close upon this spot, can visit the new city without other expense than that of admission and without other fatigue than that of going from one sight to the next after they are in. For the thousands who live half a mile to a mile and a half away, there are cheap trams and busses. And they are to be envied next year who are independent of horses in the great jams.

Standing in the Place de la Concorde, or better still on the Pont de la Concorde, and looking down stream, the miracle is divined, although not wholly. There is no one point

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from which a view may be had of the whole Fair except an elevated one. But the scene from a boat on the river gives a good idea, perhaps the best.

Formerly there was no bridge between the Pont de la Concorde and the Pont des Invalides. Now the Pont Alexandre III. breaks the distance, and makes a superb object for the eye. The new bridge is a model of grace; and its one sweeping arch — the others have three — is at once poetic and bold. Its width is enormous, the passage containing ten carriages abreast if called upon to do so. Stone pillars, dignified and square in effect, form the entrances to the bridge; and Pegasi gilded surmount the pillars. Unfortunately, the Pegasi are too small for distinctness at any distance; and the gold catching the sun is the real attraction. But near, the groups are discovered to be spirited and well done. Carved stone figures are at the base of each of the posts; and the whole structure lacks nothing in richness and magnificence, even. Facing the bridge is the broad avenue lying between the two Palais des Beaux Arts, other

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Exposition edifices, like the Pont Alexandre, destined to permanence.

After the Pont des Invalides is reached, the real (temporary) Fair begins. Both banks are covered with buildings. The foreign pavilions extend in a double row on the southern side with a wide promenade in front close to the water, the full delight of which shaded walk will be realised next summer.

Our United States pavilion is third in the front row of these buildings, somewhat crowded as to space. Italy holds first place next the Pont des Invalides, and Turkey second. England is in the middle of the row. Opposite are the city of Paris's headquarters and the huge cylindrical conservatories for "Arboriculture," making no pretence at architectural elegance or at adornment, and cut in two with a large space in the middle for aquaria. No one who recalls the Horticultural Building at the Chicago Fair of 1893 can help drawing invidious comparisons between that beautiful palace of plants and this mere glazed receptacle for them. But doubtless the French will have an oppor-

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tunity to compare the fulness of their floral exhibits with the somewhat undistinguished contents of our lovely Chicago building. The rest of the space to the right and between the two next bridges, des Invalides and de l'Alma, is occupied by a rather uninteresting white structure labelled on the outside, "Palace of Social Economy and of Congresses."

Running along behind the row which includes the City's and the Flower and the Congress buildings, is a line of cheap structures,—fire-traps, too,—theatres of a sort, headquarters of *tableaux vivants*, Punch and Judy shows, and Maisons de Rire. The Palais de Danse is here as well, in which every dance of the world is to be exhibited. The noise, when these are all at their heights, — all but the tableaux, that is,—may be imagined; and they are all in a residence street, every one. Fancy living in a Midway Plaisance!

At the Pont de l'Alma comes the Place de l'Alma; and here the Exposition encroaches. The little four-leaved clover pavilion of Servia

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comes next to the Congresses, only turning a corner toward the bridge. Opposite that is Vieux Paris, a money-making scheme quite independent of the general management of the Exposition but in the immediate circle of it. That has a splendid place, perhaps the most central of all except the Trocadéro, being in the immediate neighbourhood of many omnibus and tram stations. It forms one of the most picturesque groups on the river front.

From the Pont de l'Alma on to the Trocadéro the view is one of great beauty. The Trocadéro shoots its familiar towers up against the sky in the same old way; but at the feet of the castle-like building itself—now grown almost romantic with age (!)—the bubble-domes of an Indian mosque appear. This India building, by the by, is among the most successful of the whole number of colonial pavilions.

Up in the same enclosure, but not visible clearly from the bridges, are the Siberian, the Japanese, the Chinese, the Indo-Chinese, the Transvaalian pavilions, clustering about the

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old Trocadéro. And one of the interesting features of each succeeding Exposition at Paris is that there is left a relic or two, or more, from preceding ones. The Trocadéro is one of the survivals of 1878. Further on, rounding a curve of the river, the Eiffel Tower recalls the Fair of 1889. Of 1867 the old Palais de l'Industrie, at the time of writing, is shedding its last vestiges.

Again, around the Tour Eiffel, as one may as well begin to call it if he expects to be understood in Paris—is a set of *fantaisies*: the “Tour du Monde,” a perfect wonder of architecture representing all countries, joined and yet utterly different. One step outside Switzerland and the daring traveller is in Algiers. It is but a matter of a moment to step from Russia into China while you wait. The structure is not clap-trap, either, but carefully copied from the lands it represents. The *château d'eau*, combined with a palace of electricity may be imagined as a feast of lanterns, dancing over water in lively motion. Another of the fantastic joys of the Eiffel district is a pavilion made entirely of green

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glass in curious shapes of dragons and with pagoda-like roofs.

At the other end of a rectangle of which the Tour forms one end is the Salle des Fêtes, of which much has been written. For the *fêtes* to be held therein the sum to be appropriated is just being quarrelled over, which takes off some of the spontaneous atmosphere one likes to imagine hovering about so joyous an edifice. The remaining two sides of the quadrilateral are formed by the homes of various improving industries; as for instance of mines and metallurgy, of woollen and silken fabrics, of threads, of transportation, of electricity. The useful arts, in short, are represented in this quarter which is no less than the celebrated Champs de Mars. This is the core of the Exposition; but the principal seat of beauty is the river front.

The space in front of the Invalides itself, between that and the new bridge Alexandre III., is filled with buildings of great beauty, all wildernesses of carving. On both sides these buildings line the way called Esplanade des Invalides. The best approach, however,

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is not from the Hôtel des Invalides, but in the other direction. Then one can take in the superb vista that opens from the President's palace through gates of iron. Sweeping across the Champs-Élysées in their grandest part, down the avenue of the two Palais des Beaux Arts and between them, the eye sees beyond that avenue the new bridge with its blazing gold Pegasi, then the Esplanade lined with its chaste carved edifices, and away at the very end the sanctuary in which are the ashes of Napoleon. It was a great inspiration which arranged that so grand a *coup d'œil* should have for its ultimate object the resting-place of France's hero.

With the exception of this glorious perspective of bridge and palace, permanent, and so not after all belonging exclusively to the Exposition, the view that is to give the most pleasure is the river front. Up and down the scene is bewildering. Every kind of foreign spire and turret and dome known to the building world has shot its height or spread its bulbous roundness to the sky. From the attenuated proportions of needles to the fat-

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ness of the Saracenic top-piece these towers and minarets and cupolas ascend. England is about the only nation that has not given expression to her national pride in a turret of some sort. Strange, prickly, upward-rearing excrescences have appeared in some spots, while gently undulating peaks grace others. It is a freakish medley; yet the combination is anything but grotesque, as it may sound. The river's curves lend themselves to the veiling and softening of such shapes as might seem outlandish or too conspicuous in an open field by themselves, for instance.

So far exhibits have not been pouring in and if they had, there would have been nothing for them to pour into; for only one building is absolutely ready, although the 1st of January was named for the reception of the goods. The exception is a workman's house in the Vincennes annex, where, by the by, the larger pieces of machinery are to be.

The "monumental" entrance to the Exposition opens from the Place de la Concorde, and consists of three parts, a middle arch and two perforated pillars. These last are to be

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pillars of fire ; for thousands of electric lights are to shed yellow flame through glass of that colour, set in convexly over each aperture. Towers surmount each post ; and if somewhat spindly at present, the height makes them imposing. Lighted, they will be beacons for a long distance. From the Champs-Élysées, where the avenue of the Beaux Arts begins, will be another entrance, and at the Place de l'Alma a third. At the Trocadéro grounds people from the more western districts may enter.

Annexes are scattered all over Paris. The Athenian stadium is to be in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The Panorama de Rome is in the Rue Jean Goujon, next to the Memorial Chapel built to commemorate the deaths of many Parisian women in the Charity Bazaar fire of 1897. The chapel will be, by the by, an objective point for many pilgrims in the Fair-time ; for the fame and shame have spread abroad of the valour and cowardice of the inmates of the wretched building. The chapel of which it is impossible to gain a perspective yet, owing to the scaffoldings which

Exposition of 1900

still surround it, can be seen by those who approach it to be an exquisite piece of work. Torches at each angle of the front are decorative emblems most appropriate to the meaning of the church. M. Albert Maignan has made portraits of the paintings which adorn the cupola. The Duchess of Alençon is represented rapt in ecstasy. Madame de Valence is grasping her two daughters in frenzy.

A scheme which would not be permitted in the United States has been put into practice for the admission tickets to the Exposition, and one from which already a great deal of money has been realised. Bonds are issued, each one entitling the buyer to twenty entrances to the Fair and also a number in a vast lottery. Those who have delayed buying these coupons have less to pay for their tickets now, it is true; but they have less chance at the lottery, several drawings having taken place. An advantage comes to the out-of-town holder of a bond, for railway fares are discounted for him. The regular admission to the grounds is to be 1 franc; but the wise, with wisdom gleaned from other French

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Fairs, say that they will be sold for much less before the end of the Fair, so many persons will have bought them for the lottery tickets and will be glad to be rid of them.

Two million Americans are reported to have made up their minds to visit Paris this year. That half that number could not possibly find transportation has no effect on the prophecy, which strengthens as the improbabilities increase. With Glasgow lines denuded of steamers, the bringing over of the usual crowds of travellers will be difficult enough. It is to be hoped that no frightful numbers will attempt to invade, either, a city that could not accommodate them. There is such a thing as crowding out one's welcome.

Lay Parisians—those not directly interested in the financial outcome of the Fair—do not know how much to get excited over it. There have been so many set-backs, strikes, and wild rumours of boycott, and above and beyond all the Dreyfus case. And then, so many Frenchmen are determined to be lukewarm to anything on earth in which the government is interested. Strained relations with

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England and the depression of the latter nation still overcast the sky a bit; but in the main, the outlook is very joyous for the Fair. Many of the hôtels are crowded in prospect already, at rates ruinous for the shorn, but guaranteeing prosperity to the shearers. The building goes on merrily — or otherwise — in sunshine and in rain, principally the latter. Steeples are shedding scaffolding; and the big Palais des Beaux Arts has, like Cinderella, dropped its rags and appears in a large red dome. Although this is only an unpainted skeleton as yet, looking like a scarlet hoop-skirt, the beautiful creature is nearer achieving its full wardrobe than seemed possible a month ago.

About the first of April, Paris will begin genuinely to hum. Then, with the spring sun and the blossoming trees, and the gardens in order, and the fountains, and the people emerging from their winter bronchitises, everybody will shake off surliness and sloth. The streets will be full of our old friends the Egyptians and Indians and remoter Madagascarese. Some splendid houses in the Ave-

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nue du Bois de Boulogne have been set aside for Oriental potentates. They will not be so splendid when the Tartar and Zoroastrian princes have done with them. Scratching matches on wall-paper is the genteel thing to do in Persian circles where they have wall-paper ; and other habits, like spitting on the floor, are not confined in Algeria to bar-room sets. Bad air also is fashionable in Eastern mansions, where a draught is dreaded like the plague. All true followers of the Prophet, too, detest a cooling breeze, in the hottest weather. So the Avenue du Bois houses may go unaired a little while.

As for music and acting and singing and pictures, the various managers have been coy about announcing definite schedules. The Germans have arranged for operas and plays of their own, for which they have decided to put up a theatre. Each artist in every one of the above-mentioned lines is reserving his and her best effort. Rodin is going to have an exhibition of his own ; and the enclosure he intends to occupy with it has been hideously fenced off, although strictly empty all win-

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ter. Not even a tuft of ground has been perturbed by a tremor of building. As the afore-said enclosure was before its seclusion a lovely little spot of green turf and flower-beds for the public, the neighbourhood has had a small grievance all this time. The palisade — of the roughest — has been sprawled over with staring advertisements. But that is Paris preparatory to the summer of 1900. Some streets are almost impassable with jutting scaffolds and piles of bricks. When it rains, pedestrians, who have no rights at best except the poor privilege of being run over at their own expense, are cast out into slippery mud where the cabmen take great joy in running them down. New apartment houses are going up everywhere and new hotels and restaurants. Old ones are in process of furnishing. Mere worms can take to the mud, and rejoice that so much money is going to be made out of them too, perhaps.

If it seems monstrous and absurd to you in America that no one in Paris is able to describe the decorations and fittings of any Exposition building three months before the

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alleged opening of the whole affair, believe that you are not alone in so considering the present posture. Except from illustrated papers there is no demonstration of finish. But M. Piquard, President of the Commission, stoutly declares that the Exposition will be ready, exhibits and everything, by the 15th of April.

As it is not within the scope of the finite being to prove at present that M. Piquard is mistaken, the only alternative is to take his word for truth and to come and see.

Exposition Prices

PRICES in Paris will, of course, be deeply affected by the Exposition. Some of them —like cab-fares and theatre tickets— are watched over by government, and so immutable. But no Providence regulates the extortions of landlords and hotel proprietors. Shop-keepers, too, are masters of their own actions; and the purchasing power of a franc is a fluctuating quantity, subject to their caprices and what they think they can get. It is impossible to state with accuracy to what flights the ambition of purveyors of wares over the counter will lead them this summer. But there is every key to exactitude in the clearly expressed intentions of the landlords, and those are to multiply normal prices by three. If, however, things go as they promise now, these plans will not quite succeed. The usual levies may be multiplied by two. If the croakers who predict disaster for the whole scheme are to be believed there will be no multiplication at all.

This last prophecy is an extreme one and not really to be taken literally. Its spread is

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a good thing for foreigners, notwithstanding, and has helped keep prices down all winter. Apartments went up in rent last summer, and many persons have already committed themselves to huge rates. In ordinary times a flat of five rooms can be had in a good location, for 150 francs (\$30) a month. For this year the same has been with difficulty secured at double the rate. And it has been necessary to take it—or pay for it—for the whole year. As most people have wanted a Paris residence only for six months, the result has been a quadrupled rent,—that is, 600 francs instead of 150; in other figures, \$30 becomes \$120.

But this \$120 is not for a very handsome nor commodious dwelling, as may be imagined. Furnished apartments of six, seven, and eight rooms in or near the Champs-Élysées, or any other desirable quarter, especially within walking distance of the Fair, are held at enormous rates, or rented at them. Many persons who have lived in their own apartments, for which they have paid large sums all winter, are looking to get some of

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their money back by letting them in the spring. Some of these hope to receive—some of them have already made arrangements for receiving—\$500 to \$600 a month for May, June, and September, say, and for living in their own quarters during July and August. They can travel or go somewhere else out of town for the three months of letting.

To the very rich, it may be said that they will be allowed to pay almost anything for a lodgment. Rents for their kind of dwelling have soared skyward; and at the largest hotels there is no limit set, except at the lower end, to the price of rooms. A chicken is to cost \$3 at one hotel, according to the proprietor, all through Fair-time. If a chicken broiled costs \$3, how much will two persons have to pay for a small back double room on the fifth floor? The answer is easy to find by irregular ratio, the landlord's arithmetic,—\$50 a day. It is on such bases that calculations may be made at Ritz's, the Élysée Palace, and the other big hotels.

The quietly inclined, the moderate, the un-

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ambitious, need not be disappointed because they cannot take apartments in the Champs-Élysées, nor back bedrooms at Ritz's. There are plenty of little tucked-away places still available — *rez-de-chaussées* and flats in the sky — at the old rates. They are undesirable in many ways, but at the time of the Exposition a home will be merely a place to sleep and take one's early breakfast. What is economy in other years is waste in 1900. All one wants is coffee and rolls to start the day with. The meals for the rest of the day will be taken elsewhere. Cafés in the Bois and in the Champs-Élysées will be places of enchantment if one knows how to manage the least crowded hours. There everybody in the world will be seen every day. Taking one's meals *en ville* — a practice deprecated for its extravagance in another chapter — becomes a matter of education and necessity in Fair-time.

Let us consider our two American ladies, or two even poorer than they, to have come over in April so that they may be on hand for the opening of the Fair. The croakers declare

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that the buildings cannot possibly be ready, but one cannot afford to pay attention to them. There will of necessity be some chaos and some waiting; but the ladies can take the first week or two for getting settled and learning a few colloquial phrases, which is part of the settling in Paris.

They have taken a suite of rooms — two in number — in an apartment building in the Trocadéro quarter. The rent of the rooms, furnished, is 100 francs. It is the cheapest thing they will be able to find, and it may be a little flattering to suppose that they have found that. However, they have found two rooms, let us say, one of which they have made into a sitting-room or salon; and the rent is 100 francs a month. Their *bonne à tout faire* costs them 60 francs monthly. The following may be given as a rough estimate of their daily expenses: —

	<i>Francs</i>
Rent of two rooms	3.33
Wages of servant	2.00
Early breakfast	2.00
Luncheon	4.00

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	<i>Francs</i>
Tea (at tea-room)	2.00
Dinner	8.00
Cab or tram	3.00
Admission to Fair	2.50
Extras	2.00
Total (two persons)	28.83
being approximately \$5.75.	

This is, as may be seen, a modest average. The 2.50-franc admission to the Exposition grounds is a small daily allowance; yet it is thought fair, as some days there may be no going at all. Sometimes, on the other hand, they may go twice, sometimes invite a friend, and as an offset again, may be invited themselves. The cab-allowance is also thought to be about right, because the rooms are supposed to be too near the grounds to require a conveyance; and therefore several days in the week there will be no cabs at all.

As against this really barely decent expense-list, which gives little scope beyond a sparse routine, may be presented another, two women having taken rooms in a *pension* near the Arc de Triomphe: —

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	<i>Francs</i>
Rooms, with board and service	36.00
Baths	3.00
Tea	2.00
Cabs	5.00
Trams	1.00
Theatres, etc.	10.00
Admission to Fair-grounds	4.00
Extras	4.00

Total (two persons) 65.00

or approximately \$13.00.

More liberal still would or might be the allowance; but it is thought that this is giving scope for an excellent range of sights and drives, and even meals down town, with the theatre and "extras" of 14 francs which often might be put by for such purpose.

Now, to give more independence than in the last scheme, but not to add very much to the tax, suppose our friends to be at one of the small hotels, but not *en pension* : —

	<i>Francs</i>
Two bedrooms, with early breakfast	24.00
Baths	4.00
Luncheon.	5.00
Dinner	8.00

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	<i>Francs</i>
Tea	2.00
Admission to Fair	4.00
Extras	4.00
Cabs and trams	6.00
Theatre, etc.	10.00
Total	<u>67.00</u>

or approximately \$13.50

Then might be given the ordinary expense-tariff of the ordinary traveller who, having engaged rooms only a little if at all beforehand, and having been obliged to take what offers at Fair-prices or go without, are mulcted in this manner :—

	<i>Francs</i>
Rooms without board	36.00
Little breakfast	5.00
Big ditto (luncheon)	10.00
Dinner	20.00
Tea	2.00
Cabs	15.00
Admissions to Fair	2.50
Extras	10.00
Theatres	10.00
Total	<u>110.50</u>

or \$22 for one person, which will be very likely too small an estimate at the height of the Exposition.

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Cabs are put higher in this schedule, because they will probably be got at the hotel; and one will not be able to regulate extras, either.

In ordinary times, a lady not French can live excellently in Paris on \$3 a day. This is the schedule:—

	<i>Francs</i>
Room, with <i>pension</i>	10.00
Bath	1.00
Five o'clock tea75
Cabs	2.00
Theatre	2.00
Extras	2.00
Total	17.75

or \$3.55, easily brought within the required limit by fluctuations of the (invitation) tea market and other waverings. Two francs for theatres means a splitting up into diurnal portions of the one or two tickets for the week.

In Exposition-time, if our lady has selected her habitation beforehand and carefully, or if she is acquainted with the crooks and turns of Paris, she may do it for \$6, as has been shown. If again, not being up to any dodges and without experience, a new-comer is obliged to cast hers in with the common lot, she will

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pay \$9 for the same accommodations, or worse ones than those to which an intelligent outlay of \$6 would entitle her. And if, recklessly, she goes to one of the big hotels, \$12 a day will hardly support her needs, even if she takes just a bedroom. Two ladies by combining may reduce the sum a little. And of course, by taking sleeping quarters merely, using the public sitting-rooms for visitors and having all one's meals out, the restaurant bill may be abated. For L's of extortion are planned to be built on rates in the fashionable hotel dining-rooms.

To sum up, \$6 a day may with care be made to do if one lives in a moderate part of town. Within shooting distance of the Place Vendôme it would be dangerous for those not coated in gold mail to venture.

It is not possible to give accurate news of the rise in prices at the famous restaurants, cafés, *bouillons*, and *brasseries* of Paris during the Exposition, because the prices will fluctuate with the success of the Fair. At the grander restaurants, like the Café Anglais and the Café de Paris, and Paillard's and d'Ar-

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menonville in the Bois, it is safe to decide that the tariffs will be prohibitive. At the restaurants with fixed prices the prices will be fixed higher, but can be depended upon to remain steady, at least till one has finished eating. Ordinarily, at most of these *déjeuner* fluctuates round $2\frac{1}{2}$ francs. One and a half is the lowest and $3\frac{1}{2}$ the highest. At the Duval establishments the charges are separated, but amount in all to 2 francs for luncheon, if you have bread, water, and a napkin (!), as many do. Whether these charges will change is uncertain at the moment; but if they do not the places will be packed. For the mass of Exposition-goers is not going to waste its money on luncheons *de luxe*.

Inside the grounds there are to be cheap places to lunch and dine, as well as those that are ruinously dear. One is assured that the 2-franc luncheons will be reliable, and the 3- and 4-franc dinners. If this turns out to be authentic information, there ought to be a great rush for the inner places.

Dressmakers have got a weather eye out for the stranger; and American ladies with bot-

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toms to their purses are warned to be very careful and to do some elaborate bargaining before they embark on extensive ventures.

To give any estimate of dressmakers' prices that would be in the least helpful for the Fair year is difficult. Perhaps a normal statement, to be augmented one-half, would come nearer the mark than a positive set of prices.

Cabs during the Fair are apt to be dearer, not because the men can change their legal rates but because they will nearly all decline to be taken by the hour. If found at the stands, this requirement can be forced upon them; but they get even with strangers by making such circuitous routes as to use up twice the proper amount of time. There is a regulation giving the cabmen the right to choose their own way when taken by the hour, so that if they elect to drive a passenger to the Louvre by way of the Arc de Triomphe they may be upheld by law. However, this works against the possibility of gaining many "courses," and probably will not be common. For there is no reason for changing the usual expenditures outside the lodg-

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ing and board ; and the only difference will be in those items. By expanding the first scheme a little, it may be made far more attractive than the others ; and the beauty of the system is that it can also be contracted when there is need. Ladies know how to retrench heavily by making cups of tea to be taken with simple food and omitting the repast down town.

Tea at a pastry-cook's can of course be left out any and all days ; but it is a very pleasant rest and refreshment, as well as a diversion, for one sees all the Paris world at the afternoon tea-places. There is a wide difference in the prices at the different resorts, and the best are often the cheapest.

"Take care of the extras and the necessities will take care of themselves," is not a safe copy-book precept for the young in schools ; but it is sound doctrine, it may with some exaggeration be declared, for the traveller. In Paris, as in most big cities full of strangers, one cause of miscalculation and discouragement, on the parts of the strangers, is the leaving out of the provision an important item of every day's extras.

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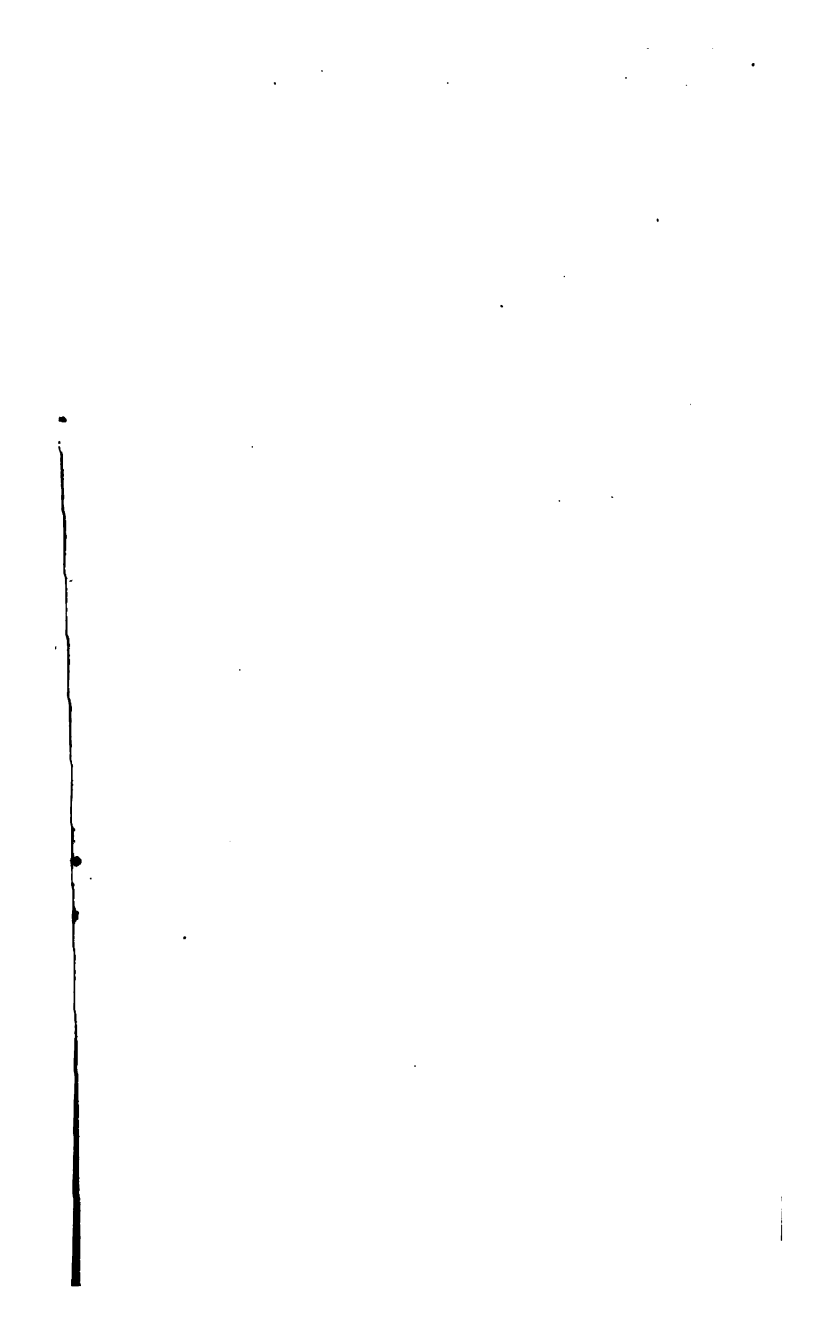
These may include anything : telegraphing ; stamps ; express ; little presents obligatory when one has received attentions or favours ; subscriptions to unexpected and urgent charities, perhaps for one's countrymen ; gifts to children ; candy (with women) ; cigars (with men) ; treats ; hundreds of things which do not occur at the moment, but which may occur at any time. One may break a window or spill ink on a hotel carpet. And then there are loans to others, often not to be avoided, and sometimes quite accidentally forgotten. The excrescence these airy nothings make on a week's list of expenses is enough to convince one of the necessity of considering them seriously.

The trouble with this sort of tax is that it is impossible to gauge it exactly. It is never less, but always more than you fancy it is going to be ; and that is the only sure thing about it. But that is hardly an accurate statistic to go on.

So the only wise way is to set aside a maximum sum of expense possible to your daily division of income, including extras, and

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to square up with yourself every day. Even a weekly settlement does not do, because the account runs like a race-horse and you cannot catch it. Neither is it possible to remember its many items.





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 BY
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